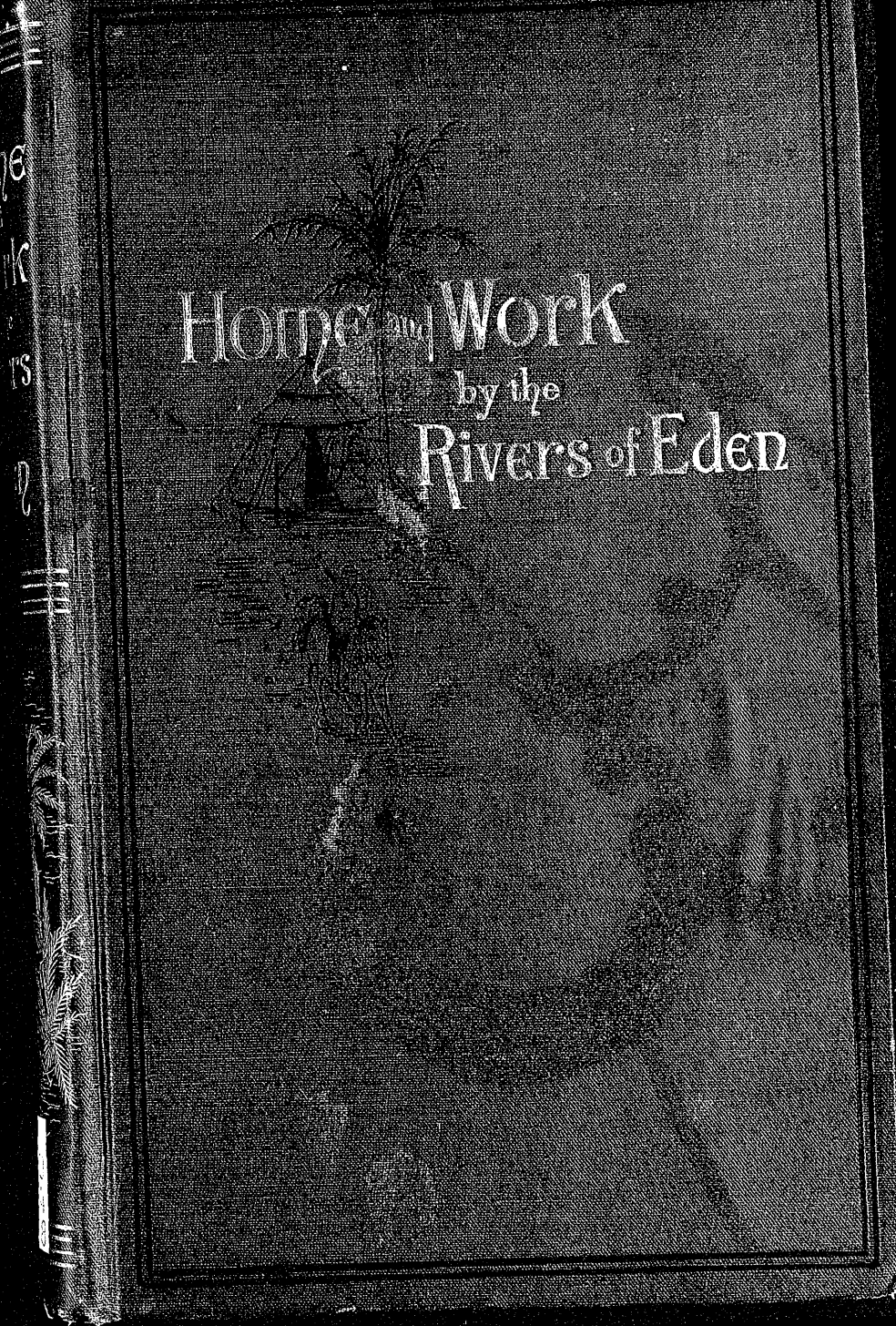
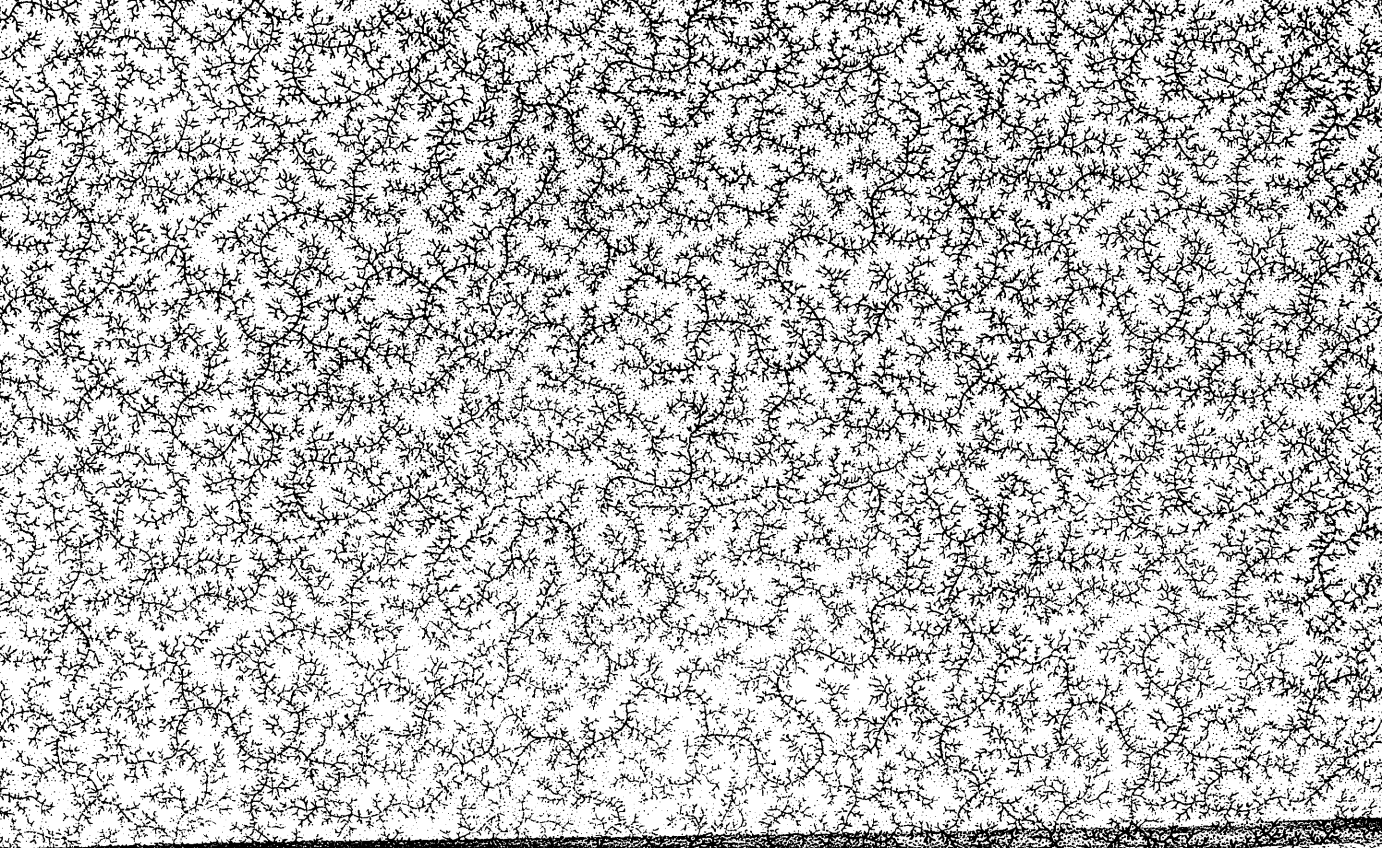
Home and Work by the Rivers of Eden



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HOME AND WORK

BY THE

RIVERS OF EDEN.

BY

REV. M. P. PARMELEE, M. D.,

AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN ARMENIA.

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GAMMIE

PREFATORY NOTE.

In the following pages an attempt has been made to give information respecting the region which was probably the "cradle of the human race;" its fields and mountains, its peoples, with their customs and religions, wars and famines, and of homes and work and experiences there, in such a form as to attract readers, both old and young, and lead them to become more intelligent supporters of the work of our Lord. The author hopes the book may find its way into many homes.

M. P. P.

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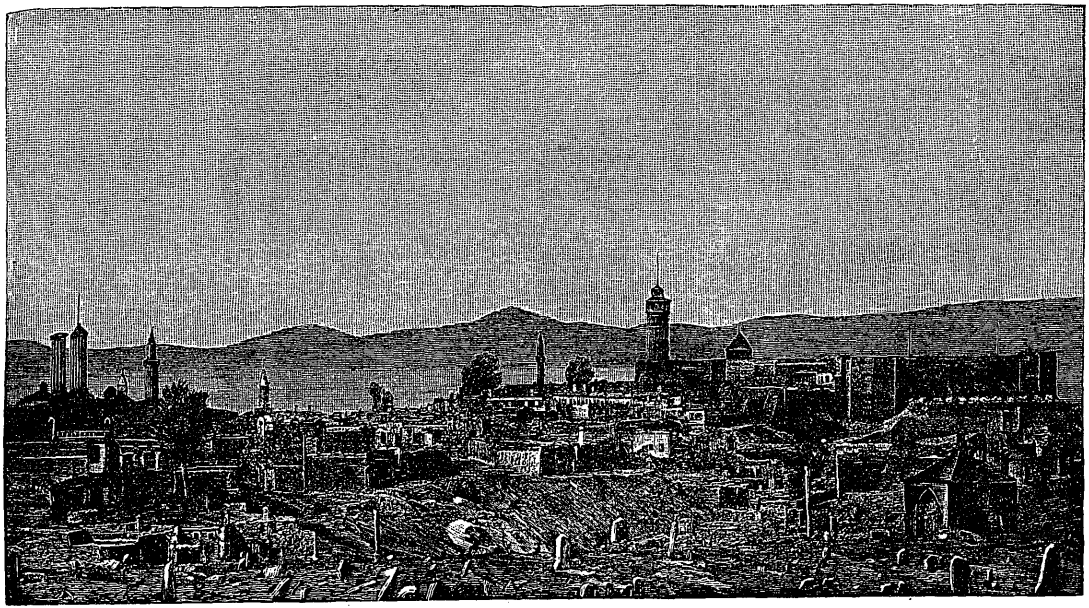
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PART OF ERZROOM, LOOKING NORTHWEST.

On the right is the Castle, with a high lookout; on the left, the ruins of a Church, with two corrugated towers; a Turkish Cemetery in the foreground.

HOME AND WORK

BY

THE RIVERS OF EDEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVERS AND HOMES OF EDEN.

ERZROOM is situated near the source of one branch of the river Euphrates, called in both the first and last books of the Bible "the great river" (Gen. 15 : 18; Rev. 9 : 14). Three other rivers rise in the same vicinity: the Tchorook, which flows northward into the Black Sea; the Aras, flowing eastward into the Caspian Sea; and the Tigris, which flows in a southeasterly direction, and with the Euphrates empties into the Persian Gulf. Many suppose these to be the rivers which "parted and became four heads" (Gen. 2 : 10) and watered the garden of Eden. If so, Erzroom must be near the site of Eden. And certainly it is among "the mountains of Ararat" where we are told (Gen. 8 : 4) that Noah's ark rested.

High up among these mountains are beautiful and fertile plains, which, though they have been cultivated during thousands of years, still yield abundant harvests of wheat, rye and barley, of potatoes, turnips, cabbages and similar vegetables. Erzroom stands at the southeastern extremity of one of these plains, at a point where the ground begins

to rise toward the mountains on the south. It is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, or about the elevation of the summit of Mount Washington, the highest point in New England. Looking northward from the city, one may see the plain dotted with numerous clusters of peasants' houses, which we call villages. It is checkered with fields, some black from the freshly turned alluvial soil, others green with newly springing grain, and still others taking on the golden hue of approaching harvest. Or, if it is winter, a spotless mantle of snow covers everything, save as here and there a dark streak indicates the location of a village.

Surrounding the plain on every side, like high battlements, mountains rise to the regions of eternal snow. No beautiful forests clothe their sides nor crown their summits; all is brown and barren except when covered with snow in winter or velveted with a delicate green during a month or two of spring. To the newcomer these mountains often seem dreary. But long association develops a strong attachment for them; they grow to be pleasant companions, from which one parts as from old friends. A sunset over these mountain tops, in the rare and wonderfully transparent atmosphere of this high altitude, surpasses in glory the much-praised sunsets of Italy. And the stars, on a clear winter night, shine out with a remarkable brilliancy.

This city of Erzroom is almost fifteen hundred years old. When Constantinople was in the hands of the Romans, and Theodosius II. was emperor, the foundations of Erzroom were laid, and from the reigning emperor it was called "Theodosiopolis." The present name is thought by some to be derived from "*Arx Romanorum*," meaning

"Citadel of the Romans"; others suppose it came from "*Arsen-är-room,*" as the ruins of an ancient city, called "*Arsen,*" are found near. The Armenians call it "*Gärin,*" which means "strong"; and there was good reason for giving it such a name. It is built so as to command the Persian road—the great highway between the Black Sea and Persia, where it crosses the mountains which divide the waters of the Euphrates from those of the Aras. Near the centre of the city is a hill on which a castle is built, and the ancient town was surrounded by a double line of walls, which were quite impregnable to the weapons of ancient warfare, though they would quickly crumble before the cannon-balls of our time.

The present city has expanded in every direction, far beyond these ancient limits; in many places the walls have been torn down, their stones have been built into houses, and the ground they occupied is covered with buildings.

Two or three of the churches, the palace of the Pasha, and one or two other buildings, have sloping roofs covered with red tiling; but, with these exceptions, the houses of the city have flat roofs, which, to the unaccustomed eye, gives them a strange and unfinished appearance. They are generally built of stone, but some are of sun-dried brick. Fuel is so scarce and lime so expensive that mud is substituted for mortar; and the walls are bound together and strengthened against earthquakes by strips of timber placed horizontally about four feet apart. These are bound together at the corners of the walls, and also to corresponding strips on their inner face. On the top heavy timbers are stretched across, from wall to wall, about three feet apart. Across these sticks are laid; on the sticks a thick

mass of coarse swamp grass or shavings is thrown, and over all is poured earth to the depth of eighteen inches, or two feet. This earth is ordinarily sifted, and beaten down as it is put on. The surface of the roof is carefully graded so that the rain water is gathered into shallow channels, and flows towards spouts that are so placed at the eaves as to carry the water beyond the walls, whence it may fall freely to the ground. These roofs need to be carefully rolled at frequent intervals, with a heavy cylindrical stone, or they will spring a leak in the midst of a storm, and, before one is aware, carpet, and beds and chairs are deluged with muddy water. A few times it has been our lot to huddle ourselves into the driest corner, while all the pans, basins and bowls in the house were spread out to catch the drippings. Such a catastrophe is most likely to occur in spring when it snows, and the snow melts just fast enough to become absorbed by the earth. At other times, after a snowfall, men appear at our doors with wooden shovels on their shoulders, who want to remove the snow.

The roofs furnish a clean and airy play-ground for our children and ourselves. Around the roof we have erected railings so that there may be no danger of falling off, and at times all join there in croquet and other healthful games of recreation. In spring the grass grows up on many of the roofs, and from a distance the city has a strikingly green appearance. On the eighteenth of April, 1880, our four-year-old Birdie, while playing on the roof, gathered some of the fresh blades of grass and weeds and called out, "Mamma, roses!" Four days later the Master Gardener plucked her, a bright rose in our earthly garden, and transplanted her to the garden on high.

Go with me into one of these houses. The door is so low that we shall need to stoop considerably; we step down as we enter. We find ourselves in a long, narrow alley, so dark that at first we can see nothing. Very soon our eyes become adjusted to the darkness, and we begin to discern objects. On one side are poles which seem to be designed for the hens. On the other side is a door which, on opening, we discover leads to the stable. And certainly it is well, if the animals are to enter the same door with the family, that they should turn into the first apartment in the house. Moving on through the alley we enter a large apartment, with an earthen floor and one skylight window. On one side is a gallery, four or five steps high, called a *sekkeh*, where we are invited to be seated. So, removing our overshoes at the foot of the steps, we mount and are seated on cushions, folding our legs under us. The place is dark. Possibly a small window is cut in the wall; but generally this gallery has no light except what finds its way there from the skylight. In mild weather this skylight is left open, but in winter a frame, covered generally with oiled paper, is placed over the opening in the roof; the *sekkeh* is then so dark that one can scarcely read there.

From the place where we are sitting we can easily survey the apartment, which is called the *doon*. Around the sides are ranged numerous high earthen jars, filled with family supplies. On shelves are displayed copper plates and kettles, neatly whitened and polished. Under the *sekkeh* is a kind of cellar. In the corner opposite us is something which resembles an old-fashioned fire-place. We go into it and discover that there is an immense chimney, directly under which an earthen cylinder, some four feet long and two feet in diameter, is set into the ground

so that the upper end is just even with the surface. At the bottom of this cylinder, or *tōneer*, is a notch, from which a tube is laid so as to come to the surface a little distance away. This is for the draught. A roaring fire is built in this *tōneer* every morning, when the cooking for the day is done. Wood is so scarce that the fuel generally used is dried manure, and many are so poor that they cannot afford even this kind of fuel, and are obliged to buy bread in the market, eating it alone or with a cucumber or a bit of cabbage in its season.

Our friends are busy baking their bread. They wear no shoes, but as they move about the earth floor they use a wooden sandal, called a *nälun*, which is easily put on and off. A piece of dough, kept from a previous baking, was mixed the evening before with the new dough, and during the night it "soured," as they say, and this is the correct expression, as you will observe on eating a piece of the bread. One woman, sitting on her heels, is busy separating the dough into pieces of the proper size; a second woman takes one of these pieces, and, by a rapid and skilful throwing from hand to hand, quickly changes it to a long flattened shape, and passes it to a third woman, who, kneeling at the edge of the fiery *tōneer*, throws it over a small cushion, shaped like the back of a turtle, and claps it dexterously into the heated oven. In two or three minutes it is baked, when a skilful motion of an iron hook sends it out on the ground. Do not be disturbed at this, for to-morrow morning your servant will probably bring bread to you in his pocket-handkerchief! This process is repeated so rapidly that the looker-on is fairly bewildered by the swift motions of the bread makers.

After the baking is over, the meat and vegetables for the

evening meal, which is the principal one of the day, will be placed at the bottom of the *tōneer* in kettles, and left to cook slowly. After all other use of the fire is over for the day, if it be winter, a low table will be placed over the *tōneer* at night, and a large comfortable, or *yōrghän*, thrown over the table, making what is called a *kusie*. Around this the members of the family sit, and hang their feet in



ARMENIAN GENTLEMAN.

the *tōneer*, drawing the comfortable over their bodies and arms. In this way the feet are well cooked while the back is chilled in the cold outer air.

Sometimes, when the *tōneer* is not heated, a pan of burning charcoal is used for the *kusie*. On one occasion I was called suddenly to see a girl who was said to be in a "fit."

I found her dead, and her face of a very dark purple color. On enquiry I was told that while left alone she had prepared a fire of coals, placed it under the *kusie*, and then drawn herself, head and all, under the comfortable. Her friends found her, as I saw her, suffocated by charcoal gas. This girl of fourteen lost her life through ignorance; but ordinarily the danger from coal gas is well known, and when a pan of coal is newly lighted it is placed out of doors until the gas has escaped.

If we call on our friends in the evening, we shall be led through the *doon* into a room called an *ōdah*, or guest-room, where the men of the house, returning from their business at sunset, eat their supper, sip their coffee, and, while smoking their cigarettes, chat of the affairs of the world far and near. The apartment is neat, and neatly furnished. Its only windows are two panes of glass, set high in the walls. Along two sides of the room is a wide seat, or "divan," made soft with cushions covered with Persian rugs. On this the people sit; the corner seat, as the place of honor, being given to the one who, as priest, or teacher, or from his wealth, is entitled to it. Two tall brass candlesticks, on which candles are burning, stand in the middle of the floor. Or, there may be a lamp hanging from the ceiling, in which kerosene, which may have been brought all the way from the oil wells of Pennsylvania, gives us light. A round sheet-iron stove stands in an upright position at one side of the room. A rousing fire of oak wood is built at the beginning of the evening, and, when it has sufficiently burned down, the coals and ashes are placed in an open pan, called a *mängäl*, which slowly gives out heat for the rest of the evening. One of our Protestants introduced the manufacture of these stoves into Erzroom. Before his

day only chimney-places, such as we have before described, were used. He was the first also to manufacture tinware, and to set glass in windows.

The *ōdah* and *sekkeh* are sleeping-rooms at night, as well as sitting-rooms by day. During the day the bedding is carefully folded and heaped at one side of the room, or in a closet built for the purpose. The mattresses are made of wool, and the *yōrghäns* are wadded with the same material, the upper sheet being basted to them. In the better class of families, silk and fine white linen are freely used in making the bedding, and, though there may be no bedsteads, with care all is neat and comfortable.

I have here described a house of the medium class. Many of the wealthy build large upper rooms, with windows of full size, and introduce chairs, sofas and tables. Bedsteads are the last to be adopted. Thus we have given you a look into the private dwellings of Erzroom.

The city contains several churches,—the Armenian, the Armenian Catholic, the Roman Catholic, the Greek, and the Protestant, and some thirty or forty mosques, some of which are large and well-built, with tall minarets pointing heavenward. There are also partially ruined structures, showing that, in the past, there was a period of far greater magnificence than the present. Turkish rule favors only desolation and decay. Several conical towers, in the city and on its outskirts, are monuments of accurate and substantial masonry, and seem to mark the graves of distinguished dead. Two other structures were doubtless once Christian churches. Most elaborate and tasteful carvings ornament the stone facings, and the columns, that seem to have been bell towers, are built of bricks of various colors tastefully interwoven. The manu-

facture of the blue bricks that enter into these towers is said to be one of the lost arts.

It is remarkable that these columns should have resisted the earthquakes of a thousand years, though some of them have been very severe. An earthquake occurred on June 2, 1859, which destroyed hundreds of houses; three hundred and eighty persons perished in the ruins, while two hundred more were wounded and sixty missing. Only twelve of these were Christians, the rest being Moslems. From this we infer not that God interposed by a miracle to save the Christians, but that Christianity makes men thrifty to build such houses as can better withstand earthquakes, while it also enlightens them so that, in an emergency, they are more quick-witted to save themselves. Our experience in Turkey proves this in many ways.

The following, written by Mr. Zohrab, English consul at Erzroom, and published in our little paper, "Whiffs from Ararat," explains the cause of earthquakes at Erzroom.

"The region, which forms a kind of band of about thirty to forty miles in width, commencing about thirty miles west of Erzroom and running east to Persia, is very subject to earthquakes, and the country gives evidence of the existence, in olden times, of fierce volcanic action.

"At Illijeh, about nine miles northwest of Erzroom, there are several hot springs strongly impregnated with iron. These springs are much resorted to by the inhabitants of Erzroom and vicinity, during the summer months. At Hässän Kaleh, a village eighteen miles east of Erzroom, are other hot sulphur springs; while near Diadin, some one hundred and ten miles farther east, not only are springs of boiling water, laden with carbonate of lime, nu-

merous, but the ground is, in many places, rent and upheaved by volcanic action, and from these rents carbonic acid gas issues in volumes sufficient instantly to destroy life. The writer picked up, during a short ramble, many birds which had been thus killed.

"Thus residents in Erzroom have to get accustomed to living on a mine which may spring at any moment into activity and bring their houses down about them with disagreeable rapidity.

"The periods for earthquakes—for even earthquakes have their supposed fixed times in this country—are from the middle of December to the end of January, and from the middle of May to the end of June, though they may occur at any season."

The severest earthquake that has occurred since my residence in Erzroom was on the morning of October 20, 1875. On that day suddenly the solid stone walls of our houses began to sway to and fro; the timbers of the partitions and ceilings creaked, and cracked, and crunched, like the frame work of a ship in a storm; the dirt from the earth roofs came down on our heads, the floor under our feet danced and bounded, and every one was brought to face the prospect of instant burial under falling timbers and crumbling walls. The first impulse, with all, was to gain the street. Some, quite bewildered, ran from room to room; others locked and unlocked their doors many times before getting them open; others, many being feeble mothers, with superhuman strength, seized their babes and children and flew down long flights of stairs, running against and stumbling over each other in their race to a place of safety. The streets once gained, the motley crowd, composed chiefly of women and children, in all sorts

of attire, and with every conceivable implement in their hands, stood gazing at each other. Directly a throng of men came running, breathless, from their shops, each one enquiring eagerly after his loved ones.

Thanks to a merciful Providence it was only a great fright, as we did not learn that a single life was lost in the city. But, as a fright, this earthquake was sufficiently serious, and, to this moment, in spite of our best efforts to drive it from our thoughts, the scene is lived over and over again in imagination, with all the possibilities of a worse result. And little three-year-old Bella, who, after her fright was over, said, "Ne wind bo' werry hard," for a long time closed her evening prayer with the petition, "Don't let ne big wind come again."

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT HOME AND ON THE ROAD.

IN this city of Erzroom our home has been for many years. For a missionary, in exile from his native land, it is necessary that at least one little spot should be made as bright, homelike and cheerful as possible. So we secure for ourselves houses that have sunny, healthful, upper rooms, furnished as nearly as possible like those in the homes we have left behind. The walls are plastered, the ceilings and floors are of wood. An American carpet covers the floor; chairs, tables, bedsteads and stoves are from the home land; photographs of friends, engravings and other pictures, hang on the walls; a cabinet organ, with its pile of music, stands at one side; books line the shelves, and American papers, though a month old, lie on the table. The weekly post brings letters that have gathered more and more of fragrance as they crossed seas and continents. The telegraph is also near to aid us in communicating with the outside world.

Entering such an American home, after passing through the rough experiences of a journey across the mountains, seems really like finding a fragment of Eden restored. At table some of the food may seem oriental, but the greater part is homelike in taste, and the atmosphere and surroundings are such that the place seems more like New England than Turkey. The effect is sometimes so marked

to a stranger that he imagines there must be extravagance somewhere. But he should observe that missionaries, like other people, delight to provide their guests with the best that can be found. He should further reflect that many things, especially the luscious fruits of the East, are comparatively cheap, and again that the magic touch of a skilful American housewife clothes everything with neatness and order and beauty, and causes the slender larder of the missionary abundantly to satisfy the guests that are always more than welcome at his board. And if a few articles of silver appear as a part of the table furniture, he may be sure they were gifts from kind friends.

But we cannot spend all our time in these pleasant homes. In this city of sixty thousand inhabitants, and in the near plain with more than a hundred villages, there is plenty of work to occupy the time of three missionaries. An immense field, as large as all New England, is committed to our charge, and as we have no railroads we must make long journeys, generally on horseback, to reach the distant places.

In 1869 Mr. Pierce and I made a tour eastward towards the Persian border. We provided ourselves with light hammocks, a small supply of bedding, knives, forks, and spoons, apparatus for making tea and coffee, and a few home articles of food, such as "doughnuts," "turnovers," a leg of roasted mutton and a few apples. These were packed in a pair of large saddle-bags and loaded on our baggage horse, which our native assistant rode. Mr. Pierce and I also had smaller saddle-bags on our horses.

Thus equipped we started, in the clear and stimulating air of an autumn day, and entered the mountains that divide the waters of the Euphrates from those of the Aras.

An hour and a half brought us to the summit of the Deveh Bōyoon, or "Camel's Neck," since famous as the scene of one of the severest battles of the war between Russia and Turkey. From this point an extended view is gained of the Päsin plain, which, beginning at the foot of the Deveh Bōyoon, extends eastward more than fifty miles. Some dozen miles away, and directly under the mountains that skirt the northern side of the plain, Hässän Kaleh may be seen. "Kaleh" means "fort," and the Hässän fort was built many hundred years ago on a high black rock that juts out into the plain. The walls and masonry of this fort are still well preserved, but it is no longer of any use.

Descending into the plain, we follow the road leading to the town, which nestles under the high black rock of the Hässän fort. For hours we moved wearily over the level plain, scarcely seeming to approach the town at all. At last we arrived, and found it surrounded by a wall connecting it with the rock at the fort. Crossing a mill-stream that carries one or two flour mills, and entering one of the gates, which is now never closed, we found lodging for the night in a Persian coffee-house.

The Persians think more of tea and less of coffee than the Turks; so we ordered tea rather than open our own apparatus. This was brought to us in glass cups or tumblers placed in saucers; it was well sweetened but without milk. Two or three cups of this tea and the food we had brought provided us an ample repast. At night we were unable to find posts from which to suspend our hammock; so throwing our bedding on the floor, we took our chances with the fleas and filth of the place.

A few hours' ride, the next day, brought us to a fine

well-built bridge across the Aras river, consisting of seven arches. Near this bridge are the ruins of a very ancient khan or caravansary. These structures may have been built in the time of Roman occupation, but the existence of a very old cemetery near by, filled with stones on which are carved Armenian Christian crosses, favors the tradition of the people that here was once a large Armenian city, and that the khan and bridge remain from that period.

Crossing this bridge, which is still in a good state of preservation, we stopped at a village of about one hundred houses, situated on the bank of the river. Enquiring for the house of the chief-man, whose duty it is by Turkish custom to provide entertainment for strangers, we alighted at his door, and were conducted through a long, crooked, dark passage into a stable, our horses following. In one corner of this stable we found the guest-room, or *ōdah*, of the village style, which is about eight by twelve feet in size, raised a little above the common level of the stable and separated from it by a low railing. At one end was an *ojäk* or fire-place; on the two sides were spread mats, made of coarse grass, and over these were thrown carpets and cushions on which to sit. Opposite the *ojäk*, in an elevation in the roof, was a round hole about the size of the top of a man's hat, which afforded the only light of the apartment.

Our baggage unloaded, our horses cared for, and a rousing fire of "native fuel" built in the *ojäk*, our host, giving us the seats of honor nearest the fire, declared us welcome to his house. After a few minutes, a low round table was brought in and set before us. Sometimes, instead of a wooden table, a large round copper platter is

placed on a low stool. Along the edge of the table were spread large loaves of thin, dark-colored bread, and a dish of *mädzoon*, or curdled milk, placed in the centre, and we were invited to eat. While eating, we heard the voice of the *zhämgōch*, or church-crier, calling the villagers to evening prayers. We proposed to our host that he conduct us to the service, which he consented to do. So, after finishing our repast, we started for the church, which we found quite inferior to most of the churches of the vicinity. It had mud walls, was partially under ground, and seemed to be quite on a level with the stables in which the people live. We found an aged priest reading the last lines of the service in a loud, unintelligible manner, to some thirty or forty old men and women, who stood listening reverently with uncovered heads, occasionally prostrating themselves in adoration. The service ended, the men, and after them the women, filed past the priest, and, signing the cross, kissed the copy of the gospel which he held in his outstretched hands, having first covered them with a thin handkerchief, so that the touch of his bare hand might not pollute the sacred book. The priest then passed out, while the lights were being extinguished, taking no notice of us.

Returning to our room, we were scarcely seated when in came the younger priest of the village, who was a tall man with jet black hair, full heavy beard, swarthy complexion and overhanging eyebrows. The Armenians are careful that their priests shall be without blemish according to the Mosaic law (Lev. 21 : 17–21), and if the beard were to be shaved off, with it would pass away the sanctity of the priestly office. So far as the dim light revealed the features of this man's face to us it was ablaze with excitement. But he restrained himself sufficiently to ask in a

courteous though rather abrupt manner who we were, whence we came, and what called us to his village. In a few words our mission was fully explained to him. "I thought so," he replied, "but there is nothing for you to do here. The command to you is to preach the gospel to the heathen. We are not heathen: we have the gospel and are Christians, as well as you."

"Very well," we said; "let us, then, as Christian brethren, open the word of God and read and study it together."

"There is no occasion for that," retorted the priest; "we are quite capable of doing that without your assistance."

At this point a young man from our school, who was travelling with us, interposed a remark. The priest, looking fiercely upon him, shouted at the top of his voice, "Young man, how is it that you presume to reply to me, a priest?" Then, stretching up on his knees, he called to the villagers, who had already nearly filled the room, to drive "these intruders" from the village.

This was too much for the honor of our host, who had an oriental's delicate sense of the proprieties of hospitality, and he replied, "Sir, these are my guests, and they shall enjoy my hospitality while they remain under my roof."

At this the priest subsided, and after a few moments' silence proposed that religious subjects be avoided, and only worldly topics discussed. Then he began to inquire about America. We gladly seized the opportunity thus afforded of preaching to him in the most effective manner: for, after riveting the attention of the whole company by dwelling at considerable length on the history of the United States, their extent and wealth, the numbers and magnificence of their cities, the intelligence, skill and enter-

prise of their inhabitants, we concluded by saying: "All this grows out of our Bible and schools; and if you desire similar blessings you have only to establish schools, scatter the Bible everywhere, teach and observe its precepts, and they will be yours."

The priest made no reply, and one of our companions seized the opportunity to display our stock of books, and call on the people to buy. The priest refused to look at the books; he even turned his head away when they were held up before him. But by persistent and ingenious effort, our helper succeeded in getting him to look into a very admirable little primer, prepared by Miss West, as a key to help the people unlock the treasures of God's Holy Book. He became interested in it and read many pages before rising from his seat, at last buying a copy. Finally, the young man of our party, whom the priest had so sharply rebuked in the early part of the evening, began to press upon him the importance of laboring to educate the people of his village, and to lead them in the way of life; all of which the priest received in the kindest spirit.

Thus ended our evening's discussion, and after prayers we proceeded to hang up our hammocks, in order to escape the fleas, lice, and filth which abound in these guest-rooms. The pillars supporting the roof are very convenient for this purpose, but it so happened that no place was found for my hammock except directly over one of the cows. But the cow did not object and, steeling myself as I best could against the associations of the place, I had a good rest, only too glad that I did not tumble out of my hammock, an accident that sometimes occurs.

If you were to visit this village in the summer season, at early dawn, you would see the different members of the

family starting for their day's work. The men with their oxen set forth for their distant fields to be away all day, plowing or sowing or reaping, as the season may demand. The boys and girls are occupied with the animals, the cattle going in one direction, the sheep in another, and the calves and lambs in another for pasturage. Sometimes a portion of the women go into the fields to work, while the rest stay at home to bake bread and attend to other household matters.

Our next stage brought us to two villages, Kōmätsōr and Todoverän, where we already have Protestant communities, small school-houses, and helpers who teach during the week, and expound God's word at all times. By our friends we were received gladly, and had a pleasant season of preaching, praying, and giving counsel and exhortation as to the best manner of conducting the winter's campaign. Then we passed on to more destitute regions. After a few hours' ride we leave the Päsin plain, in which we have been travelling more than forty miles, and plunge into a mountain range which divides the waters of the Aras from those of the eastern branch of the Euphrates. In these mountains we spend a night in the Koordish village of Dähär, for the Koords, with their flocks and herds, cling to the mountains, while the Armenians live in the plains and cultivate the soil.

The Koords are said to be the "Carduchi" of Xenophon. They are a fine-looking, stalwart race, with a distinct though unwritten language. They are nominally Mohammedans, but hold their religion very loosely. They do not build mosques nor establish schools. Their women expose their faces freely, which, among the Turks, is a great impropriety. Many of these Koords are quiet,

peaceable people, but large numbers are roving brigands, who, dressed in the gay clothing they love so well, ride their fine prancing horses from place to place, and, armed with dirks and pistols in their girdles, with rifles slung over their shoulders and long spears in their hands, way-



A KOORD AND HIS ANGORA CAT.

lay and rob defenceless travellers as they have opportunity. The New Testament, a hymn book, and some smaller books have been translated into their language, printed in the Armenian character, designed more especially for those Armenians that have been so mingled with Koords as to

lose their own language and to speak only the Koordish. The Koords submit to Turkish rule only when subdued by force of arms, and often large districts are in open rebellion against the Turks. Large numbers of those that are called *Kizzilbäsh*, or "red-headed" Koords, have manifested a desire to become Protestants. Perhaps they are thinking of some political advantage, but we may hope many of them are earnestly seeking for the true religion.

The style of living of the Koords is similar to that of the peasant Armenians, except that it is far ruder. The Christianity of the Armenians, imperfect though it is, does much to better their outward life. There is a degree of intelligence and refinement among the Christians which is altogether wanting among the Koords, even though they live side by side in the same or in neighboring villages. Christianity teaches the Armenians to care for their aged, sick and poor, so that cases of great distress are rarely met with among them. But among the Koords, while some are obviously wealthy and powerful, and take pride in displaying their gaudy clothing and costly equipages, many of their neighbors are left in a state of the most abject squalor, nakedness and misery.

Our hammocks made us reasonably comfortable, even in a Koordish village, and early in the morning we were pushing over the hills towards the rising sun. About noon we reached the last summit in our thirty miles of mountain travel, and looked out for the first time on the Alashgerd plain, which extends, interrupted by a few hills, to the Persian border, a distance of seventy-five miles. The panorama of mountain, hill and plain was most delightful to view. No forests were in sight, but in the dim distance, above and beyond everything else, could

be distinctly seen the hoary head of Ararat, rising to a height of more than seventeen thousand feet, and covered with eternal snow and ice.

Descending into the plain, we lodged for the night at Mollah Suleimän, a village inhabited by Armenians and Turks. The Armenians are also divided into Gregorians and Catholics. The former are those that cling to the Christianity of Krikore Loosävorich, or "Gregory the Illuminator," through whose labors in the fourth century the Armenians were led to adopt the Christian religion. The chief ecclesiastic of the Gregorians is the *Catholicos*, whose seat is at Etchmiadzin in Russia. But a small portion of the Armenians recognize the authority of the Pope of Rome, and therefore are called Catholic Armenians. A large part of Mollah Suleimän is made up of Catholics, who, having some connection with the outer world, take on a little more the appearance of European civilization. The papal influence is strongly exerted to lead the Armenians away from their own language and national traditions, and to introduce European languages and customs in their stead. But they do not succeed well in this, for Armenians hold tenaciously to all that makes them a distinct nation.

Another morning found us moving over the plain of dark, fertile soil, along the road travelled by immense caravans of camels or horses loaded with iron-bound bales of English goods, on their way to Persia, or with dried fruits, or Persian carpets and shawls, moving towards the coast. Immense harvests had lately been taken from the fields, but, there being no navigable rivers and no railroads, nothing so bulky as grain can be removed to market. The transportation would cost twice the price of the articles

when sold. There is nothing, therefore, to be done with an abundant harvest, except to bury it in holes in the ground, for lack of better storehouses, and leave it to rot, unless, perchance, a scarcity should make it necessary to use it before it was quite ruined. There is, therefore, no inducement for exertion to secure large crops; smaller ones are more profitable, hence a premium on sloth. Very quickly would all this be changed should the government encourage railroads to convey the almost limitless products of this garden of Eden to the markets of the world.

Evening brought us to a village called Kärä Killissi, or the "Black Church," where we had located two young men in response to an earnest request sent us by several of the villagers. Our young men were far at the front, bravely doing a pioneer work among the simple-hearted people of this region. We were warmly welcomed by our students and the friends they had made, and during the Sabbath we spent there were overwhelmed with the crowds that came from early morning till late at night, to listen to the words of truth. Our great exhaustion, after this pressure, reminded us of the feelings which Jesus must have had when he escaped to the sea side or the wilderness to gain a little rest.

It was with a feeling of delightful exhilaration that, on Monday morning, we found ourselves again on our horses, moving on still farther eastward. We were going up the eastern branch of the Euphrates, occasionally passing a village. A few days before we passed that way a government officer had found a robber and outlaw in one of these villages, and in the attempt to arrest him the officer was fired on by the desperado and killed. Many times, in my travels, murders and robberies have occurred very near,

but I have thus far been graciously preserved from all harm.

At evening we accepted the hospitality of the Euch-Killissi Vänk, that is, the "Three-Church Monastery." Formerly there were three churches here in honor of the three persons of the Trinity. Only one remains in a good state of preservation; all trace of the second has disappeared, while the ruins of the third are on the summit of a high hill back of the monastery. We visited these ruins and saw the remains of the incense offered by pilgrims to the holy place. From this spot is gained a fine view of Ararat; and directly below, in the waters of the Euphrates, it is said, that Krikore Loosävorich baptized the king of the Armenians and large numbers of his people when they embraced Christianity.

We were courteously and comfortably entertained in the monastery. The simple-hearted monks, in this remote inland region, were pleased to see strangers from a land so distant as ours, and asked many questions concerning our country and its people. The teacher proved to be a very intelligent man, who had once studied in one of our schools. He was particularly delighted at our stock of books, and bought a good supply for his school and his own use.

The ecclesiastics in charge of Armenian monasteries are usually *värtäbeds*, or teachers. It is their duty to visit the villages and towns of their respective districts; to preach and expound the truth in the churches, and labor for the material and spiritual welfare of the people. The priests must take wives, though if a wife dies her husband is not permitted to marry again. He may, however, become a *värtäbed*. This class and the bishops are forbidden

to marry. The monasteries have fields and flocks, and other property; the *värtäbeds* also gather up offerings from the people. A school is usually kept up in each monastery; the homeless poor are allowed a place therein, and, when it is held faithfully to its proper mission, the monastery is a blessing to the people. But too often it happens that the *värtäbeds* are self-seeking and ambitious, and visit their people not so much to do them good as to gather offerings. A marked exception is Hōhännes Värtäbed, who has for many years been in charge of the Euch-Killissi monastery, and who has labored with great unselfishness for the good of his people.

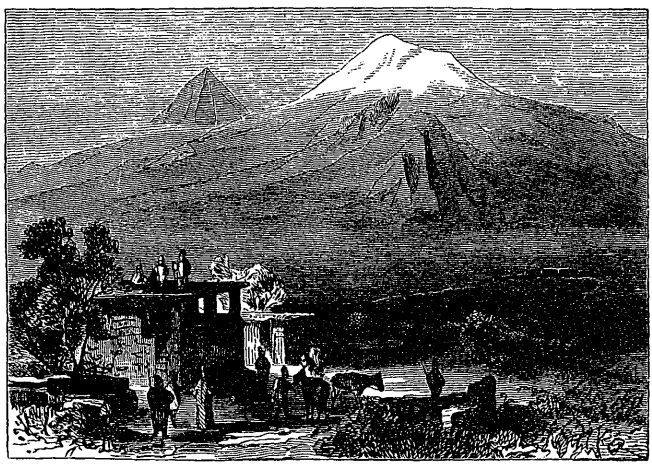
Bidding adieu to our hospitable friends at the monastery, we mounted our horses for Bāyazid. We do not often move faster than a rapid walk, and sometimes the marches grow very dull and monotonous. But varying scenes, pleasant conversation, day-dreams, and the incidents of the way serve to break up the monotony; and though with the help of railroads much time might be saved, we prefer to precede railroads in order that the seeds of truth may be well rooted before the people have lost their primitive simplicity.

Evening brought us to Bāyazid, which is built on the face of a steep ascent. Doubtless the site was chosen because of its natural advantages for defense. A well-built ancient castle marks the summit above the town, a wide plain is before it, and beyond in indescribable grandeur rises Ararat. But during our entire stay at Bāyazid he hid his head in a dense cloud.

A helper had gathered a small congregation, and large numbers were interested in the truth. One young man, then a teacher in the Armenian school of Bāyazid, has since be-

come one of our most reliable preachers. But the town suffered terribly during the war, the people were scattered, and our work so broken up that it has hardly revived since.

We had intended to extend our tour into Russia, but



MT. ARARAT.

found that our passports had not been properly endorsed; hence we were obliged to turn back. The homeward journey of a hundred and fifty miles was accomplished as rapidly as possible; but with hard stages it was full six days before we were again in our Erzroom homes.

CHAPTER III.

CHEERING WORK AND PAINFUL TRIALS.

IT is a great event when a party of missionaries return from a long tour. During their absence only one letter, out of four or five sent back by transient travellers, has ever reached its destination; and at evening when the little ones pray the Lord to keep papa from all danger, and the anxious wife tries to picture his surroundings, all is vague and uncertain as to where or how he may be. So the day or hour of his return can only be guessed. On the other hand the travellers have had but little or no news from home; and whether they will find health or sickness, or possibly an empty place, is all a matter of uncertainty. For days anxious glances have been cast up the street where the travellers are expected first to appear. Servants and neighbors catch the prevailing temper and watch eagerly, hoping to be able to convey the first news of the approaching party to the expectant families.

On this occasion we left our horses and trappings in the hands of others who quickly gathered about our doors, and hastened to greet the dear ones. My little daughters rushed upon me—the one somewhat shy and reserved, but the other, with all the exuberance of her warm demonstrative nature, crawling all over me and showering me with kisses. And there sat the mother, pale and weak from the gnawings of a fatal disease. For more than three years

every effort had been made to fight off that enemy, consumption, but without avail, and now there remained only patient waiting for the end. Plainly for me there was no more journeying for a season. So, while my associates, who were comparatively new in the foreign field, heartily and bravely assumed the more distant work, I labored as I found opportunity in Erzroom.

Our station was reorganized in 1868, when Messrs. Cole and Pierce, with their wives and Miss Van Duzee, joining us, a house was purchased as a chapel for our congregation. With slight changes it was fitted for use temporarily. But in 1869 the house was torn down and a chapel built, in such a way that, with folding doors, it could be divided into two rooms for the use of the boys' and the girls' schools during the week. When the house was bought, and when the chapel was built, the native brethren contributed liberally. The effort, when the chapel was built, was so great that, from about eighty dollars in ordinary years, their contributions rose to more than three hundred dollars. When meetings began to be held in the new building the feeling of ownership and of love and enthusiasm was such as to give new zest to everything. Many new faces were seen in the audiences; new voices were heard in the prayer-meetings. The week of prayer was entered upon with unusual spirit, and the meetings, one at sunrise and another an hour after sunset each day, were full and interesting. Without any special effort to that end we seemed to be in the midst of a revival. The people had "proved" the Lord by bringing "the tithes into the store house," and God was now proving his faithfulness by opening the windows of heaven and pouring out a blessing. Some confessed their sins and pledged them-

selves to a new life, and all were refreshed and spiritually strengthened. After each evening meeting numbers gathered by invitation in our sitting-room for some familiar religious conversation. Many of these were young men and boys, and while our invalid was resting in an adjoining room it was a rare pleasure to direct inquiring souls in the way of life. The meetings were continued several weeks, and an impulse given that was felt throughout the year. Valuable additions were also made to the church.

While engaged in these pleasant duties in our work, the shadow over my home was growing denser day by day. The patient wife and mother had been, for many months, looking forward calmly to the end. To her that alone could bring relief from the intolerable weariness that day and night weighed her down. With enthusiasm she entered upon the life of a missionary, which from childhood she had regarded as the highest and noblest to which a Christian was ever called. Earnestly she had engaged in the joyous occupation of pointing her less-favored sisters to the Saviour of men. And when we had returned to America for her health and the question of going again to our field was under consideration she was most eager to return, conscious that her days could not be many, and desirous of dying among the people for whom she had lived. This desire was now about to be realized; to her it would bring everlasting rest and peace, to those that remained it was fraught with indescribable bitterness.

During those sad days of waiting and care many times the father's heart was comforted, when glancing at the two golden-haired children sleeping sweetly in their little bed, with the thought that these darling girls would be left to cheer the many lonely hours that were to come. But God's

plans are not our plans. Later our Jennie began to be ill, and an examination of her throat revealed the pearly white deposit which is so marked a sign of the dread disease, diphtheria. The best physician we could obtain, an Italian surgeon connected with the Turkish army, was called in for consultation, and night and day we anxiously watched for some sign of improvement. It came not, and on the evening of February 2d the sweet girl left us no more to return.

Now Jennie was our baby, although she was four years old, and a very sweet pet she was, too. Her face was always beaming with smiles, and her heart was full of love for everybody and everything. She could not hug her kittens enough; if she saw a lamb she wanted to get it in her arms, and she could not pass a little calf without throwing her arms around its neck and giving it a kiss. Whoever entered the house she was always the first to greet with open arms and a hearty "good morning," even though it were evening. And oh! how she loved her mamma and papa! how she loved to sit in her mamma's lap and nestle her head in her bosom, and at night, when she woke frightened from a dream or heard the wind blow wildly, how she would reach up her little hand from her trundle-bed and press it hard in the palm of her papa's hand. When her papa came home from a three or four weeks' tour, her little heart was filled with an ecstasy of delight. She would climb on his knees and throw her arms around his neck, and in her clear ringing voice sing out, "I *so* glad papa's come!" "I *so* glad papa's come!"

A little while before she was taken sick her mother asked her what she should do when she had no mamma to care for her. She replied thoughtfully, "I guess *God* will

take care of me; we'll see." And God did take care of her by taking her to himself. How much better is such care than any we could give her!

The last words of our dear baby were, "Mamma," "mamma." And "mamma" very soon obeyed the call and followed her baby to the land of rest, breathing her last on the morning of February 17th. At the very last her eyes were fixed on some object which we could not see. With difficulty she said, "Precious Jesus," and a little after she added, "It shines." Her last word was, "Cherub." May we not believe that, like Stephen, she saw "the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," with a company of angels, and among them her own cherub baby, welcoming her to that land of bliss?

The house was very still; there was no merry sound of children's voices, and the lonely sister was so desolate that one's heart bled for her. Her sweet but voiceless pictures hanging on the wall, the empty chairs, the unused hats and mittens, dresses and shoes, all kept the wound in the heart open and bleeding. Once or twice Addie attempted to play "Meeting," which she and her little sister used to enjoy so well. But she did not succeed, and so she almost wholly abandoned her playthings. The mourning father clasped her to his wounded heart, that, clinging close together, they might help each other along the dreary path of life. All that was dearest of earth had been snatched away, and nothing seemed attractive in this world; but heaven had grown unspeakably near and bright, and we seemed already to have a share in the song of the redeemed company on high.

As the Protestants at that time had no cemetery it was necessary to lay the precious forms of our departed ones in



MISSIONARY HOUSE AT ERZROOM.

the yard of our own premises. Twice during that eventful period our kind and helpful associates, who had been unwearied in their assistance during the sickness, and our numerous sympathizing Armenian friends, gathered to join in the sad office of burying our dead from our sight. The graves were dug side by side, and two mounds rose under the rose bush just as the bright sun of the lengthening days suggested the glory of the resurrection morn. From our sitting-room window we could look down upon these mounds, and although we knew the conscious souls of our dear ones were not there, it was pleasant to think of their remains as so near, and safe from the possible disturbance of rude and wicked hands.

They have since been removed to the cemetery given the Protestants by the government. Though a portion of it has been surrounded by a high wall at a heavy expense, evil-disposed persons find their way in, and break down, deface, or turn over the stones placed at the graves.

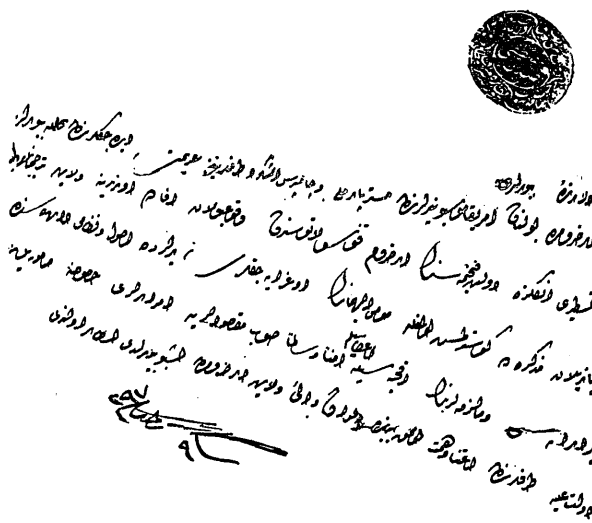
CHAPTER IV.

TOUR TO KÄRS.

IT is a beneficial change and hence a blessing in sorrow, to relieve the distresses of others. So, leaving a motherless girl in the kind care of Mrs. Pierce, Mr. Cole and I started for Kärs. It was on one of the last days of February. The mountains and plains were still covered with a great depth of snow, which glittered under the bright rays of the sun. The mornings and evenings were crisp and cold, and the nights intensely sharp. In addition to our usual preparations for a journey, we needed to provide ourselves with fur-lined coats, warm caps and large heavy boots, long enough to come above the knee; rubber goods were also necessary, as we might encounter storms, and colored spectacles were not to be omitted. We learned from this journey the necessity of a mask or something to protect the face, for before we reached Kärs our noses and cheeks were well blistered from the rays of the sun flashing from the surface of the snow.

It is the privilege of foreigners, while travelling in Turkey, to ask of the government a *boorialty*, or order, commanding all whom the traveller may pass on his way to afford him every necessary assistance, and making all the local governors responsible for his safe transit through their territory. With this order it is usual to ask for a *zabtieh*, or guard, and if the governor considers the road

specially unsafe, or the party of more than ordinary rank, he may give more than one *zabtieh*, perhaps three or four. Such excessive kindness is somewhat burdensome, for, although the favor is granted without charge, and generally with professions of the greatest pleasure, still the care of the men and their horses by the way, and the inevitable



FAC-SIMILE OF TURKISH OFFICIAL BOORIALTY. NOTICE UPWARD TREND OF LINES, AND SEAL AT THE TOP.

baksheesh which increases in geometrical ratio to the increase of the guard, are serious and unavoidable items.

Not always do we avail ourselves of this privilege, but, as Kärs was an unexplored region, we resolved to take a *zabtieh*, who would serve as guide as well as guard. The one that accompanied us as far as Hässän Kaleh was well mounted, and dressed in blue broadcloth with brass buttons,

while a gay sword dangled at his side. But as each local governor assumed charge of us and passed us on to the next one, our *zabtieh* was changed at Hässän Kaleh, and in place of our fine turnout from the city we had a man dressed in village homespun, with sword of ante-diluvian aspect hanging at his side, and mounted on an animal that could hardly keep up. Our third *zabtieh* had no horse at all, and carried a stick for a weapon. With his light sandals he was a good match for our horses as a pedestrian, but when we learned the next governor's station was considerably out of our way we discharged our *zabtieh* and trusted ourselves to our own wits and the guiding hand of our never failing Master.

Our road took us over mountains where the snow was very deep, and care was necessary while moving in single file along the narrow path; for a misstep would set our horses floundering in unmeasured depths. Beautiful evergreen forests crowned the summits of the mountains, from which Eastern Turkey was supplied with timber and lumber; but now that Russia has taken the principal part of them, Turkey is left in great destitution. At one place our road dropped from a high plateau of deep snow into a warm valley where there was no snow and the people were plowing their fields. The town located there was well named Bärdez, or "Garden;" for surely here fruits and flowers must abound. From such valleys as these our cold Erzroom is supplied with its cherries, mulberries, apples, pears, grapes, and other fruits. Passing the warm valley of Bärdez, we soon rose again to the region of snow beyond.

The sixth day found us in the plain of Kärs approaching the city, which is a hundred and eight miles from Erzroom. The Kärs river hugs down to the mountains on the north-

west side of the plain, at a point where a high spur juts out into the plain. Instead of passing around the foot of this spur, the river seems to have cut its way through it, severing it entirely from the range of mountains and leaving a high, bold, black rock standing alone in the plain. At the foot of the rock, on both sides of the river and extending up the side of the mountain, is built the city which, at that time, had a population of some ten thousand inhabitants.

This rock is a strong natural position for defence in time of war, and on its summit is built the Kärs fortress. During the Crimean war the town was also fortified with many redoubts on every side, and under the command of General Williams and other English officers it resisted the repeated attacks of the Russians. It was only when reduced to a state of absolute starvation by long siege that the position was surrendered to the Russians. In a later war the town was newly fortified by modern earthworks, and if the Turkish soldiers had been as well officered as during the Crimean war it would again have made as stubborn a defence.

Kärs is an important strategic point in our religious work. In the midst of a large Armenian population, then on the borders of Russia, now a Russian town, it has always been a most desirable centre for missionary operations. Some time before our visit, in response to the urgent invitation of Protestants in Kärs, we had sent two helpers to preach and teach there. But the opposition to their remaining was very great, and by making skilful use of the forms of law their enemies had succeeded in driving them from the town. In the midst of the deep snows and bitter cold of winter our Kärs helpers suddenly appeared in Erzroom.

In a short time another party of helpers was on its way thither, strongly armed with legal papers which we had secured from the superior authorities at Erzroom, and prepared for a vigorous defence before yielding their place. These men we found there, preaching in their own hired house, and also in the shops and houses of the people as they had opportunity. Curiosity drew a good many to hear what we had to say in our Lord's-day services, and we were glad of the opportunity to speak God's word to them. We called on the Turkish governor, the Armenian bishop, the Russian consul, and other leading men of the town, and were politely received, being treated in every case to tiny cups of coffee, black and generally without sugar. Cigarettes or pipes were also offered us, which we uniformly declined. We also visited the school of the Armenians and a lyceum organized by the young men of the Armenian community. Being incited by the young men to make an address, it was a pleasure to encourage them in every laudable effort at self-improvement.

Gratified with the results of our visit, and confident that, with God's blessing, our helpers would now be able to labor unmolested and with increased influence, we began preparations to return. We resolved to do so by a different route, in order to find new people. The first night we spent in a populous Armenian village of the Kärs plain. Settled down for the night in the ordinary style of village *ōdah*, we opened our Testaments to preach to the assembled crowd. At first they had no idea who we were, except that we were foreigners. But as foreigners generally use the Turkish language, they were much perplexed to hear us address them in their own tongue. At last, getting some idea of our mission, they immediately associated us with the men

that had been driven out of Kärs a short time before. Thus the triumph of our enemies in that matter, more than our own efforts, had spread a knowledge of our work.

We began to read the Testament, in accordance with our usual custom. It was a new thing to the people to hear the gospel in the modern Armenian, since in their churches only the ancient tongue is used, which they do not understand. They were interested, for they could follow the meaning as readily as if a neighbor were talking. For a long time different ones of our party alternated in reading and expounding God's word, all listening in silence. Finally one of the number, who was probably a *deerätsoo*, or reader in the church, mistrusting that we held some new doctrine, enquired,

"Do you use *meirōn* or holy oil in baptism?" Without answering directly we opened the Testament and, reading Matt. 3: 13–17 and similar passages which speak of baptism, we remarked, "Here we have the gospel account of baptism, and we try to do just as we are taught in God's word."

"Ah!" replied our *deerätsoo*, "I see you do not use *meirōn*; therefore I cannot accept your doctrine."

"But," said the people, "these men do as Christ teaches them, and they must be right."

The discussion was thus taken from our hands and went on some time, in a lively manner, between the people and the *deerätsoo*. When nothing more seemed likely to be gained by the controversy, we began singing one of our beautiful hymns, which had been translated into Armenian and set to the same tunes used in our own native land. All were hushed to silence, and we were able again to read the practical teachings of our Saviour and impress them on the

listening crowd. Finally we closed a long and wearisome though very pleasant evening with prayer, and began arranging our hammocks for the night, greatly to the amusement of the villagers, including the women and girls!

The *meirōn* is oil, which is supposed to be boiled miraculously without fire at Etchmiadzin, in Russian Georgia, where the *Catholicos*, or chief ecclesiastic of the Armenian Church, resides. Selling this holy oil affords quite a revenue, as it is used not only in baptism but also in dedications of churches and ordinations of priests.

Our journey next day lay southward towards the valley of the Aras, and at evening we arrived at Kagharman, pleasantly located on the banks of the river, surrounded with gardens, and in its season abounding in fruit. We found a large and apparently well-disposed population of Armenians there, and were it not for the great scarcity of helpers we could occupy such towns as important centres.

The local governor gave us two *zabtiehs* to take us on our stage up the Aras towards the Päsin plain. We were planning to reach Armootloo, the first village of that plain, in one day's march, the distance being eleven hours or thirty-three miles. Our *zabtiehs* said we could not accomplish it in one day, and begged us not to attempt it. But we did not wish to yield to the *yäwäsh* (slow) ways of the country, and insisted on making our stage. We made but a short stay at noon, and pressed on, determined to reach our destination before night. But evening came, and yet no sign of any village. Darkness, gradually growing denser and denser, gathered its folds around us. Along this Aras valley we had found no snow, and now in the dense darkness it was next to impossible to find our road. We could only feel our way, creeping slowly and cautiously along.

The prospect of staying out, hungry and cold, on a March night was rather dismal. While we plodded slowly along we were guessing what the long hours of the night might bring while waiting wearily for the dawn. Not many hours passed, however, before we heard a sound which seemed the bark of a dog. Our hearing and all our senses were keenly sharpened, and before we heard another sound we began to smell the odor of smoke, the peculiar pungent fumes of burning *ätär*, or dried manure. In the close rooms and stables of the people this smoke is almost intolerable, but at a distance in the fresh night air, and especially as a sign that our great anxiety was at an end, it was delightful fragrance. The village dogs again added their chorus so distinctly as to guide us directly to our lodgings for the night.

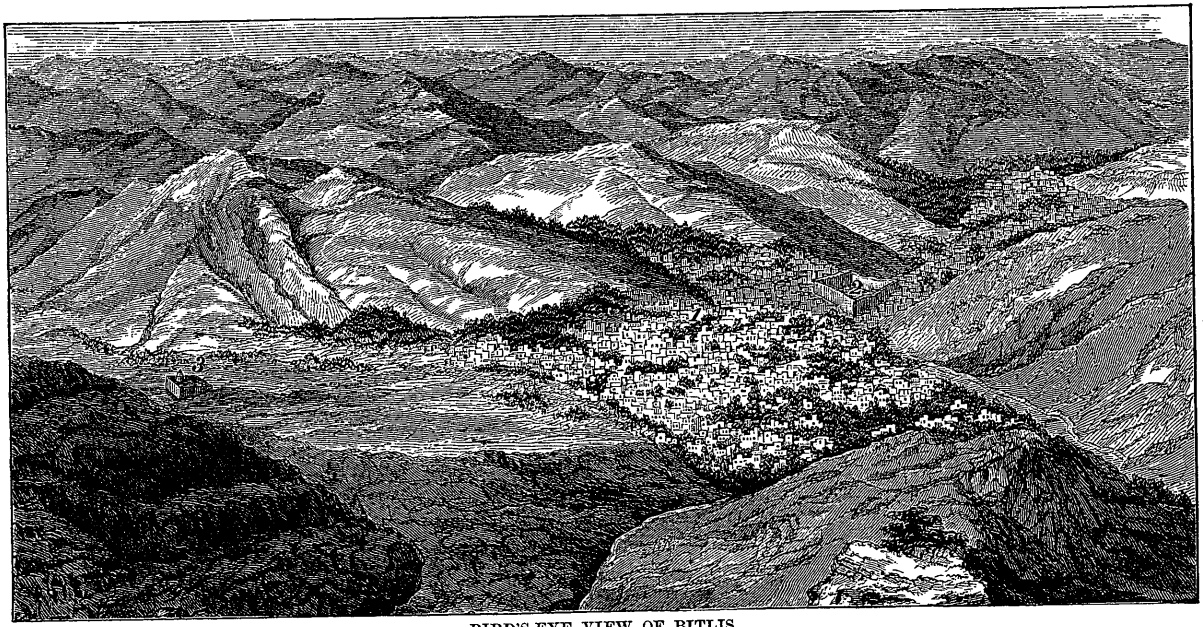
From Armootloo three days' march through the Päsin plain and over the Deveh Bōyoon mountain brought us again to our homes. Nothing remained of mine but an empty house and my darling little girl, who that day was six years old; a sad birthday, indeed!

CHAPTER V.

BITLIS, MARDIN, AND VAN.

WHILE Mrs. Parmalee was in feeble health I had sent in different directions for medical assistance, not with the thought that recovery was possible, but in order that every means which skill could devise might be used to alleviate her suffering. In response to my urgent invitation, Dr. Van Norden, of the Persian Mission, very kindly made the journey of more than three hundred miles, in the hope of helping the sufferer. This object was not attained. But his visit was a help and blessing to us in many ways. His warm sympathy and words of comfort were as medicine to the bleeding heart. He was skilful in making patterns which the native stone-cutter could follow for the lettering on the stones put up at the new-made graves. He commended our work by practising among the natives, and especially was he useful when, as a May-day flower, little Artie Pierce was added to our circle.

When Dr. Van Norden decided to return to Persia by way of Bitlis I concluded to join him, as in about a month our annual meeting was to be held there. And this time little Addie was to join our party. She was not quite large enough to ride a horse; so we prepared a pair of baskets to hang on the two sides of a horse. When her sister Jennie was her companion, they balanced each other in opposite baskets. But now the lonely little girl must



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BITLIS.

1. Mission Premises. 2. Ancient Castle. 3. Monastery.

be balanced by various articles of baggage. Her basket was fitted with a cushioned seat about half way down one side. A stick was put across near the top of the basket, neatly covered, so that it would be warm and soft to the hand. Over all was something like a buggy top which could be put up as a protection from rain or sun, or let down at pleasure. A man rode the horse, sitting between the baskets. It was a comfortable place, but a little cramped and tiresome on a long day's ride. Addie, therefore, often asked to walk, and when once on her legs she tripped along so joyously that it was hard to get her back.

The winter snows were melting, and the streams were swollen so that in many places we crossed them with great difficulty. At one point it did not seem safe to attempt the passage of a small but treacherous stream; so we turned aside and entered a Koordish village not often visited by strangers. With difficulty could the people be persuaded to give us a lodging-place, even in the corner of a filthy, tumble-down stable, and with equal difficulty could we get anything for ourselves or our horses to eat. We were obliged to send our *zabtieh* to the chief man of the village, carrying our *boorialty*, or order. The son of the chief man, who was acting in his father's absence, treated the *zabtieh* in a very insulting manner, even tearing the *boorialty* which was shown him. Dr. Van Norden then visited the young man and insisted that he command the villagers to give us what we needed, for which we were willing to pay; at the same time reminding him that his insult to us and to the authority that issued the *boorialty* could not pass unnoticed. The young man bestirred himself to see that our needs were fully supplied.

When we reached the vicinity of the governor of that district we sent our *zabtieh* to him bearing the torn *boorialty*, and entering a complaint against the village chief. We were unable to attend personally to the trial of the rude fellow, but we learned that he was called by the governor, and as he could not get off without paying a smart bribe, he, without doubt, suffered his punishment. The inhabitants of that village are well known as robbers, a character they indicate by such inhospitable manners.

The journey to Bitlis occupies some eight or ten days. The river Euphrates is crossed where it is of considerable size, but in low water it is easily fordable. At this time the banks were full and we could only cross with a *kellek*. This is a platform made of boards and sticks fastened firmly together, resting on a dozen or more inflated goat-skins, which keep it from sinking. The loading and saddles are removed from the animals and placed on the *kellek*, and the passengers sit down on the baggage while the ferryman paddles the queer raft across. It is a very unsteady place to ride, and one feels more of a sense of going to the bottom than to the opposite shore. But accidents rarely occur. The horses are taken across by men who, entirely naked, mount them, and, one man with each horse, plunges into the deep water of the river. The rider drops into the water with his horse, holding on by the mane. If the horse attempts to turn back to the shore he has just left, the rider turns his head towards the other side, compelling him at last to swim across, taking his driver with him. It is curious to watch the two heads of horse and rider as they skim the surface of the water, and then suddenly rise, as from the depths, on the opposite side.

After passing the Euphrates our road lay through a

mountainous district, and along the western shore of Lake Van, which is a basin of salt water with no outlet. Leaving the lake behind, a four hours' ride through a picturesque valley, the mountains in places crowding the valley into a gorge, we reached Bitlis, which is situated on the sources of the Tigris. Some have likened the shape of this city to a spider, it is so sprawled out and follows so curiously the streams that rise far up the mountain defiles. It is situated in the heart of Koordistan, and everything wears a Koordish aspect. Even the Christians, of whom there are a large number in the city and villages, dress like Koords, carry weapons and speak Koordish, so that with difficulty can they be distinguished from veritable Koords. Generally the Christians and Koords succeed in living peaceably side by side, but the Koords always assert their superiority and often rob and oppress and extort, so that the life of an Armenian becomes almost intolerable. Some Armenians, in remote mountain districts, have lost their own language and speak only Koordish. The service in their churches has become a curious and almost meaningless mixture of Armenian and Koordish. To these brethren, sitting in such dense darkness, the more favored Armenians of other parts of Turkey have sent missionaries, and now the New Testament is translated into Armeno-Koordish, a hymn-book and other religious books have been prepared, churches and schools have been organized, and the bright light of truth has begun to shine in those darkest regions, through the missionary zeal of the Protestant churches of Turkey.

In Bitlis there were two missionaries, Messrs. Knapp and Burbank, and the Misses Ely, whose work had been greatly blessed. A large church had been gathered, and an

influential Protestant community established. The citizens of Bitlis manufacture different qualities and styles of cloth, and in order to make a market for their wares large numbers travel from place to place, or locate for longer or shorter periods in towns and villages. While thus moving about, it is their custom to carry the Bible with them, reading it to the people as they have opportunity. Thus the work spreads and multiplies itself through the channels of trade. The church has long supported its own pastor and teachers, has a chapel, and exerts a most healthful influence in the city and vicinity.

The work of the ladies at Bitlis has also been most successful. The scattered nature of the city made it difficult, indeed nearly impossible, for girls to board at home and attend school. It was thought better, also, to remove the girls from all home influences, and keep them constantly under the restraints of a boarding-school. It was therefore arranged that all, whether from city or village, should be received as boarders. But all were required to provide for their own board. No money was demanded of any, but each must bring a certain amount of flour, cracked wheat, beans, cheese, etc. Then the scholars were set to do their work, it being properly divided among them. In carrying out this plan, I am persuaded, the Misses Ely were more radical and more successful than any other missionaries in Turkey.

At Bitlis I heard that Mr. Williams, of our Mission, was in a very critical state of health. Leaving Addie with her missionary "cousins," Georgie and Bertie Knapp, and taking one man with me as guide, I started on a quick trip to Mardin.

Our road led down towards the Tigris, over ridges and

through forests, until we entered the region of tropical fruits, where the thorn-bush distilled its charming fragrance, and the pomegranate blossoms gave forth their brilliant scarlet colors, glittering from afar through the clear sunlight. The peasants, working in their fields, in the intense heat, wore only one garment, a long shirt. The fields were small and crowded in between barren and rocky hills, and the population was sparse and poor. A little wheat and millet, a little corn and a few vegetables, with cotton and tobacco, constituted the chief productions of the soil. We crossed the Tigris by a *kellek*, as we had done the Euphrates, except that our *kellekgee*, or ferryman, after loading our baggage on the raft undertook to manage the horses himself. We were all seated on our baggage on the *kellek* when the ferryman, holding the halters of the horses, coaxed them to step into the water. At once they sank down under water, their heads only appearing, but on opposite sides of the *kellek*, and facing in opposite directions. As the horses began to swim, pulling at their halters, the *kellek* was carried round and round, and to us, not accustomed to such a manœuvre, it seemed as if we were in imminent danger of capsizing. But the *kellekgee* was undisturbed, and by a little skilful management succeeded in bringing the horses side by side and turning them towards the opposite shore, when they moved swiftly and easily across, we riding gayly above their backs.

Beyond the Tigris we passed a streamless region. For two days we had difficulty in finding water for ourselves or our animals. Some wells had been dug and many cisterns, or large caverns, cut in the rock under ground and so connected with gutters on the surface that in the rainy season the cisterns are filled with water. Stone steps led down

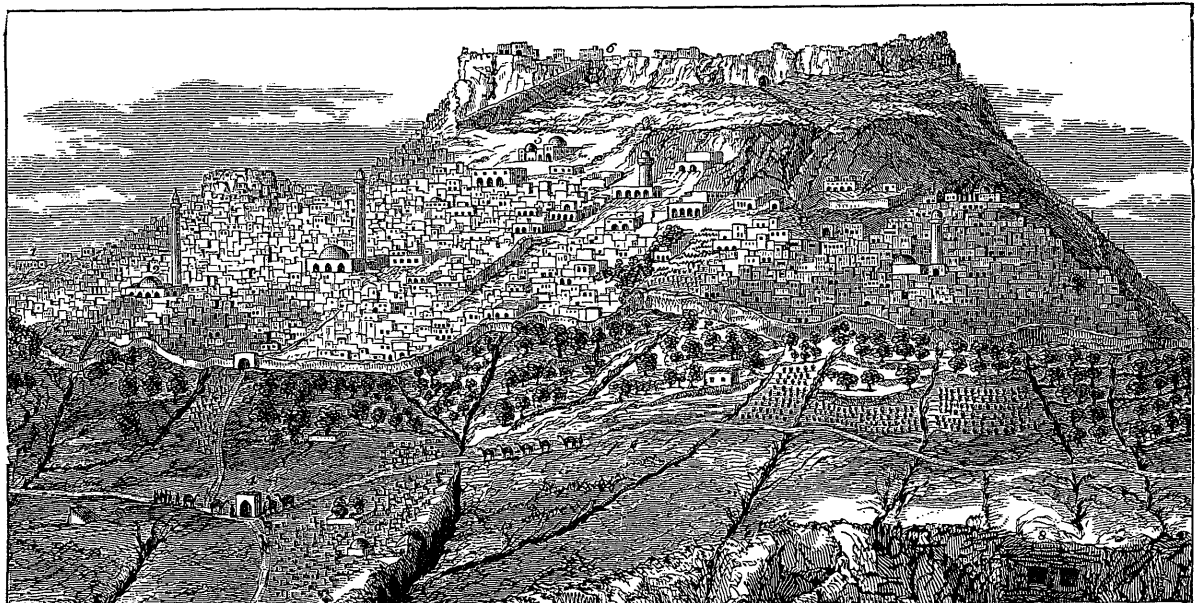
into the cisterns, in many instances; in others there is only an opening into which one may easily fall, but from which escape is difficult. Such was probably the "pit" in which Joseph was left to perish. Most of these wells and cisterns were now unused, and it was a very kind hospitality when the peasants freely offered us buttermilk to drink, as we passed their villages on our way.

Five rapid stages brought us to Mardin, which is built on the face of a high mountain that rises abruptly from the Mesopotamian plain, of which it commands an extensive view. It is a walled town, a castle surmounting the summit of the mountain, and in ancient warfare was quite impregnable against the attacks of an enemy.

Our mission station was formerly at Mosool, near the ruins of Nineveh and in the midst of the intense heat of the Mesopotamian plain. But it proved too sickly and this city, though not central, was chosen instead. Here a valuable site on the outskirts of the city was secured and mission houses and school-buildings erected. Mr. Andrus and Mr. Pond had come out to reinforce Mr. Williams, who for years had struggled on alone. Few Armenians are found in that vicinity.* The Mohammedans are chiefly Arabs, and the Christians are early converts from the Assyrian races. The Arabic is the most prevalent language, which the missionaries use in carrying on their work.

Mr. Williams was feeble, yet lingering on the heights of Beulah and watching for the dawn of the celestial morning. A few months later he passed on, leaving the work to suc-

*The *Missionary Herald*, October, 1875, gives the population of Mardin 16,386, whereof 3188 are papal Armenians.



MARDIN—EASTERN TURKEY.

1. Mission Premises. 2. Protestant Chapel. 4. Fountain. 5. Moslem School. 6. Citadel. 7. Palace of Governor. 8. Entrance to Stone Quarries.

cessors who have carried it forward vigorously, with plans that reach even to the Persian Gulf.

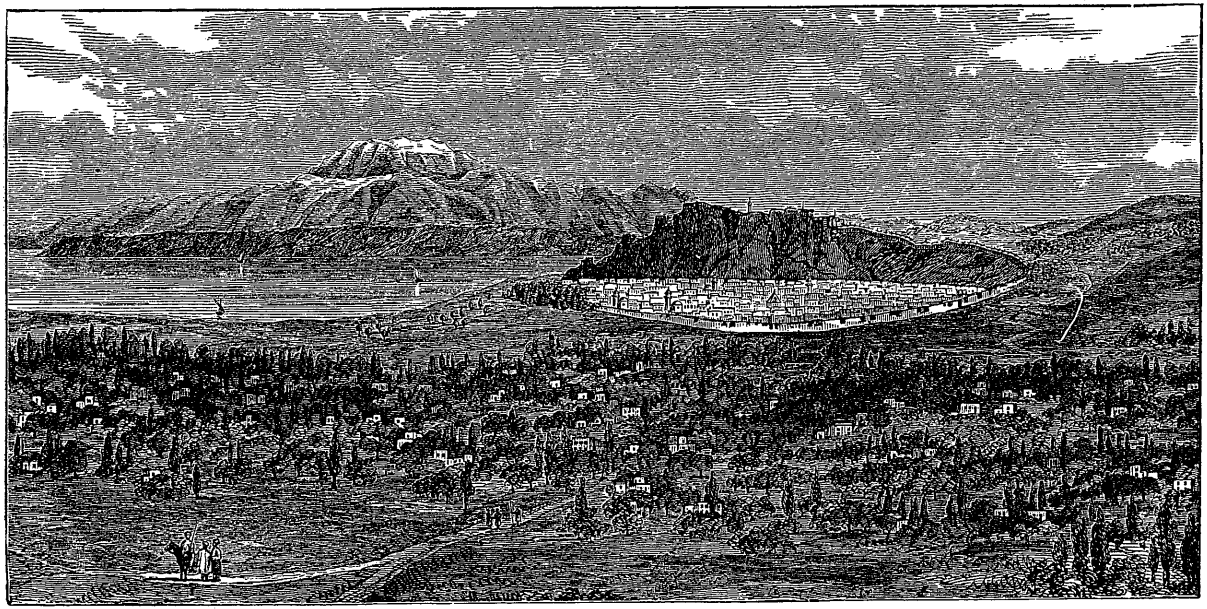
Returning from Mardin I was joined by Dr. Raynolds, who had been called, medically, from Harpoot, but who now desired to visit Van, the place of his ultimate destination. Hurriedly we made the journey to Bitlis and with only the delay of a day or two, started for Van. Our way took us through a very picturesque region, along the southern shore of the Van Lake. Mountain summits covered with forests on one hand, glimpses of the silvery lake on the other, with here and there villages and fields and flowers, united to make the three days of our journey most delightful. As we approached Van, at the western extremity of the lake, the villages of the Armenians became more numerous and we were able to find many attentive listeners to the gospel. There are many monasteries in this region; one, the *Akhtämär* monastery, we saw as we passed, very beautifully situated on an island a short distance from the main land.

A high rock, rising abruptly out of the plain at the eastern extremity of the lake, marks the site of Van. On its summit is a fortress of very ancient date. The rock and the fortress constitute the defence of the city on the east; a strong wall, still in a good state of preservation, encloses the remaining three sides. The buildings within these walls are very compact and devoted chiefly to business, the citizens residing in gardens, extending from one to three miles distant. The city itself has but little that is green or attractive, but the dwelling-houses in the gardens are embowered in most charming orchards of mulberry and other fruit trees, while irrigating streams, and rows of willow and poplar trees line the wide avenues. The good taste dis-

played by the people in their houses and gardens, in their dress and manners, ranks them far above those of other equally interior cities.

There are traditions that the Assyrian Queen Semirämis, who flourished at Babylon about two thousand years before Christ, built Van as a summer resort. It is natural that the monarchs of the burning plains of Mesopotamia should choose so delightful, so cool, and so accessible a spot as this for their summer residence. At one time it was the capital of Armenia. There are many interesting inscriptions on the Van rocks, in the cuneiform character, like those at Nineveh, and many Assyrian relics have lately been found. The Armenian population exceeds that of the Mohammedan, and if the government encouraged improvement they would make rapid progress. At Van were Mr. Labaree and his family, and Miss Dean, of the Persian Mission, on their way to attend our mission meeting in Bitlis. We spent a Lord's day in Van, forming acquaintances with the people, and speaking God's word to any that would listen. Since that day a mission has been established there, a church organized, schools started, and the work of evangelization is now moving rapidly forward.

On returning to Bitlis with the Persian party we found several gathered for the annual meeting. Mr. Andrus was there from Mardin, Dr. Barnum from Harpoot, and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, with baby Arthur, and Miss Van Duzee, had arrived from Erzroom. These, with the Bitlis friends and ourselves, made a goodly number. The usual plans for mission work were discussed and decided on for the following year; there were the usual religious exercises, in some of which our Armenian brethren joined, and the Christian social pleasures in that distant corner of Koordistan made the occasion a foretaste of the joys of heaven.



VAN, AND THE GARDENS.

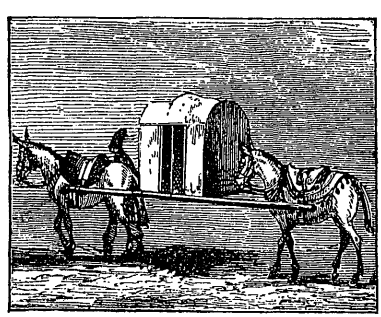
Lake Van. Mount Sepan, 14,000 feet high.

But the business of the meeting was accomplished as soon as possible, and all hastened back to the work that so urgently required their presence. Baby Arthur and his mother required a *täkhträvän*; that is, a large covered body resting on two shafts extending forward and backward so that two horses can be attached and carry it between them. The mother and babe can easily ride in this, protected from cold, or storm, or sunshine.

Our return to Erzroom was not particularly eventful until the last day, when we were to pass the summit of the Pälän Tookän, a high mountain overhanging Erzroom on the south. The night had been cold and rainy, and our tents were wet and dismal in the morning. We shivered over the smouldering fire, built of grass and wet pieces of wood. We rallied as much appetite as possible for our fried "mush" and coffee, while our tents were coming down and our baggage was being loaded on the animals. Black threatening clouds hung ominously over the mountain heights which we were to scale. But we moved on, hoping for the best. In any case the children, one in her basket and the other in his *täkhträvän*, were safe from the storm. Hour after hour we moved up the face of the mountain. Meanwhile the clouds grew blacker and denser, and began gently to wet us. We closed every aperture where the wet could possibly get into the *täkhträvän* or basket, put on our rubber goods and pressed steadily on. But the storm grew more violent and cold, and as we came out on an exposed ridge, the wild mountain gusts struck us and nearly swept us away. The rain, sleet and snow drove in at every crevice, and bracing ourselves with the utmost effort, we could with difficulty make any headway against the storm. To stop or retreat was impossible. So

we worked slowly on, meditating that, if such were our experience on the sixth of July, what storms might one encounter on these mountains in winter!

At last the storm passed, the air became clear and calm, and we promised ourselves a quick descent to the city. But to our amazement and great annoyance the muleteer stopped his animals on the mountain summit, threw down the *täkhträvän*, and declared he could go no farther that day. The ground was white with snow, it was impossible to put up our tents, and no village was near. We told the muleteer we must reach the city that day, and if he did not take us in we must procure others to do so. At the same time we told him if he served us well we should give him the usual *baksheesh*, but if not he would lose it. He did not seem to yield; so it was arranged that I should start on with Miss Van Duzee and the basket horse, and reaching the city as soon as possible should send out fresh muleteers to bring in the *täkhträvän*. But we had scarcely moved off on our horses before the muleteer, having an eye to his *baksheesh*, began to prepare to start, and we descended the mountain and entered our homes together.



TÄKHTRÄVÄN.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUMMER TOUR WITH LADIES.

THE climate of Erzroom, naturally as healthy as any in the world, was becoming exceedingly unhealthy. For a series of years military men had been engaged in throwing up earthworks, so as to completely fortify the city against the Russians in a war with that country, which all regarded as inevitable in the near future. The disturbance of so much earth tended to the prevalence of fevers. As the government grew more and more inefficient, the populace became more lawless about throwing filth into the streets. This filth seethed under the hot summer sun and the foul emanations were held within the fortifications, as in a basin, so as to make the city in summer very sickly. During two or three of the hottest months, each year, we were compelled to camp in tents outside the city.

In the summer of 1873 we resolved to spend part of our tenting period in making a tour. We therefore struck our tents in the month of August, and prepared ourselves to visit Khanoos, a district fifty miles south of Erzroom. Isabella, eleven months old, was wedged with pillows into Addie's basket, while Addie, nine years old, sat on a loaded horse like a woman of the country. The mother rode her own Beshō, and Miss Van Duzee was also one of our party, riding her favorite pony. The first night we camped by a stream, and towards evening of the second day we forded

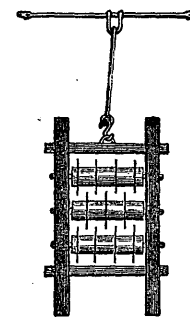
the Aras. The weather was hot, and the horses had been greatly tormented with flies. As we were wading through some muddy water Miss Van Duzee's pony thought it a good time to cool his fevered sides by lying down. He moved so promptly to execute the thought that his rider found herself, with all her travelling conveniences hanging in a bag from the pommel of her saddle, suddenly dumped into the water. One would suppose that the horse would twinge with remorse at serving such a trick on his best friend. But the pony was calm and unmoved while we rushed to rescue the victim of his selfishness from the muddy depths. For hours that night our companion was struggling to clean and dry what had been rescued from the disaster.

We pitched our tents by a deserted Koordish village. The people had gone with their flocks and herds to the mountain summits, where, living in the black tents of their own manufacture, they pasture their animals and make butter and cheese. All the land near their village was under cultivation, and a few were left in charge of the houses who gave us stable room and provender for our animals. We could not have spent the night in a house, for unoccupied houses are overrun with fleas.

The third day brought us to the village of Chevermeh, where we have a chapel, a church, and a Protestant community. We pitched our tents near the chapel, but were so troubled with dust, chaff from the threshing-floors, and the heat of the mid-day sun, that we took refuge in the school-room adjoining the chapel.

The people were much occupied with threshing and winnowing their grain. A circular piece of ground is made smooth and hard. On this is thrown grain in the straw to

the depth of some six inches. Small oxen are attached to a kind of stone boat, having teeth of iron or flint on the under side, which they drag round and round on the straw until it is thoroughly cut to pieces. A boy or girl rides on the threshing instrument, and it was fine fun to attempt to stand on it while moving. After the straw has been sufficiently threshed it is removed to one side and towards evening, when a wind always rises, it is thrown high in the air with a wooden fork. As it falls the wind carries the chaff to one side while the grain falls at the winnower's feet. Thus was illustrated before our eyes the fate of the ungodly, as pictured in the first Psalm, who are "like the chaff which the wind driveth away." The grain must remain in the threshing-floor until the tax-gatherer comes for the tithe, which is the first to be removed. The government usually sells the tithes of a village to the highest bidder. Sometimes the sale of the tithes is delayed, so that the grain is detained in the threshing-floors until the fall rains set in and sometimes even till snow comes, greatly to the damage of the harvest.



GRAIN THRESHER.

Pastor Härootune, of the Chevermeh church, had trained his people to give a tithe of their produce to the Lord. When the chapel was built a store room was arranged to receive the Lord's tithes, and one object of our visit to Khanoos at this time was to assist the pastor in urging the brethren to bring the tithes into the storehouse at the proper time.

The pastor aimed to set a good example to his people, by faithfully giving one-tenth of his own income to the Lord.

A few months after our visit this pastor was called suddenly away, and I may here allude to a visit I made to his widow and four children, who still occupied the parsonage, supported chiefly by the offerings of friends. A little wheat was left of the tithes of the congregation when her husband died, and this she had given out to be sown. But the harvest that year was very poor, and she only received back the seed.

At the time of my visit she was sick, and one of her children was also sick in bed with her. She was wholly dependent on the kindness of neighbors for the help and care she needed. But, though thus prostrated and destitute, she did not forget the Lord's portion, the lesson which her sainted husband's devotion had so deeply engraven on her memory. For while I was at her bedside she asked a friend what would be a tenth of her harvest, that she might give it to the Lord.

I told her I was sure the Lord did not require one in her circumstances to make such a sacrifice, especially as from this harvest she had only received back the seed. But she insisted, saying, "That is what the Lord has given me, and of that I will give a tenth to him." I should have continued to urge her to desist from her purpose, had I not thought of that widow whom Christ commended for casting "all her living" into the treasury. I saw that if I had sat over against the treasury where Christ sat I should have told the poor widow not to give her mites—that she needed them for her bread. But the Master knew that the widow's trust for bread rested on the bountiful Giver of all good, and that is a better foundation for trust than two mites or even millions of money—if our weak faith would only permit us to believe it.

So I said no more, feeling sure the Lord would more than make it up to Elmas. Then I recalled that I myself had been commissioned to provide for her wants by some friends in Erzroom who had authorized me to give her a certain sum on their behalf. I hastened to fulfil my commission, adding somewhat to the sum myself. And before I left the village the preacher from Van, who was spending a few days there, asked me to give her two dollars on his account.

So the Lord literally fulfilled his promise, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, . . and running over, shall men give into your bosom." What the widow gave to the Lord he returned to her, at once, more than fourfold.

On another occasion while visiting this village, instead of persuading any one not to give, I felt obliged to urge all to give. I had asked the people to make up one-half the sum of their preacher's salary. They thought they could not do it and pressed me to consent to their giving less. I held firmly to my demand and called a meeting so as to be sure the money was raised. By exhausting every form of argument the needed sum was at last made up. The rich gave liberally, but one or two of the poor literally gave "all their living."

While I was occupied with the men the ladies were visiting the women, talking and reading God's word to them while at their work, which was generally bread-baking. For, although city people bake enough at one time to last a month or more, villagers think they cannot eat bread a day old. It was even difficult to persuade any not to bake bread on Sunday.

From Chevermeh we went on about a mile to the village

of Herämik, where we have a Protestant community, a chapel and preacher. Although not more than one-tenth of the Armenians are Protestants, the comparatively few Protestants have essentially changed the character of the village. This was illustrated by the following incident. The Koords are accustomed to visit the Armenian villages and extort things from the people, who do not dare refuse. But our Herämik people had learned something of their rights and of their ability as men to defend them; so when the Koords came to them, demanding wheat, butter, cheese and other things, the villagers declared that they had nothing for them. The Koords were surprised at being refused, and began to press their demands with angry threats. But the people were firm, and the Koords, seeing no other way, started out to help themselves. Wherever they attempted to enter, the villagers were ready to drive them back. The more they moved in this direction or that, the more thoroughly prepared they found the villagers, until it became prudent for them to withdraw. When they did so the villagers pursued for some distance, firing guns after them. No Koords have ever again attempted a raid on this village, and a similar degree of enlightenment and resolution on the part of all the villages would rid them of all oppressors.

The Khanoos plain is remarkably fertile, but, as in the case of the Alashgerd plain, no suitable roads connect it with the outside world, and there is, therefore, no market for an abundant harvest.

Our friends frequently invited us to dine with them, and made a special effort to do us honor by furnishing a bounteous repast. Pork is an abomination to the Turks, nor would they permit their Christian neighbors to keep

pigs. So the meat prohibited by Moses' law is never placed before a visitor among the natives of Turkey. But as Abraham hastened to fetch a calf (Gen. 18 : 7), so our friends slew either a fattened lamb or kid for us, and, boiling it with rice seasoned with raisins, made the popular *pilăv* of the country. Sometimes over the *pilăv*, where meat is wanting, melted butter is poured; and, in place of the rice, hulled and broken wheat, called *bulgōm*, is often used.

We are asked to sit down around the low circular table, in the centre of which is placed a large dish heaped high with *pilăv*, the lamb, dressed and cooked, resting on top of all. After the blessing has been asked, our host proceeds to tear the animal limb from limb with his fingers, and to invite his guests to partake.

The importance of the rule not to eat with "unwashen hands" (Mark 7 : 2) is here seen, not as a religious rite, as the Pharisees would have it, but as a law of neatness; we see also the necessity of washing afterwards. While eating, the host, from time to time, selects choice morsels and gives them to such of his guests as he wishes especially to honor. So Christ treated his betrayer (John 13 : 26). For us knives and forks and spoons are provided, as our host knows our custom.

On my first visit to this region there was no knife nor fork to be found, and wherever I was invited I found my own knife and fork placed before me.

The food is well cooked and palatable, but so hearty that a little satisfies us. Sometimes, besides the *pilăv*, many other dishes, composed of skilful preparations of eggs, butter, cream, honey, or vegetables, are served, until one is bewildered with the number, and utterly unable to

partake of more than two or three. The serving is usually the work of the women (John 12: 2); and it is no slight matter rapidly to change the dishes for a dozen or more courses.

After all is over and the table is removed one comes with a copper ewer in one hand, a basin in the other, and a towel over the shoulder. The basin has a perforated cover in the centre of which is a small cup for the soap. The guest leans forward, holding the soap in his hands over the basin. The servant pours the water over the hands as wanted. After the hands, the mouth is washed, and the towel placed on the hands for wiping. This is a very genteel way of washing, far neater than to dabble in water after it has been fouled, as western people are accustomed to do in using wash-basins.



WASHING HANDS IN THE EAST.

In distant parts of our field we hear much of the oppressions and sufferings of the people, and we often call on the *kaimakäm* or local governor, in the hope of persuading him to care properly for his poor suffering people. But it is generally little that we can do, because it is money and not justice that the governor wants. He has paid out a great deal of money to secure his office. He is deeply in debt, and he does not know how soon some one else may buy his place and he find himself put out of it. While in office, therefore, he must make money as fast as he can, to pay his debts and to lay by something for the future. If

a poor man's oxen are stolen and he asks the kaimakäm to send *zabtiehs* (policemen) to arrest the thieves, he must take a handsome bribe with him, or the governor will do nothing about it. He does not say in distinct terms "I will not help you, if you do not give me money." Oh! no; he is always ready to promise, but unless he gets his money, he will always have an excuse for not fulfilling his promises. Even when the *zabtiehs* have found the thieves they may accept bribes for their release, and returning tell the kaimakäm that they could not find them. Or, if the thieves are arrested and thrown into prison, they will manage to bribe the kaimakäm and others, so that they are released in a few days. The poor man loses his oxen and money, the thieves gain the oxen, and the kaimakäm receives something from both parties. The governor is glad to have complaints made to him. He can then keep the prison well filled, letting out only those who pay him well. In this way the rich rascals go on with their iniquity because they can always buy up the officers of the government, while the poor man, who may be quite innocent of any crime, remains and suffers in prison, until by selling the house over the heads of his wife and children, or by hiring money at from thirty to fifty per cent. interest, he is able to satisfy the demands of his oppressors.

There is another mode by which the kaimakäm is able to make money. He collects the taxes of the province, and when the tithes are gathered in, only a part is reported to the government, while he and his friends who assist him take the remainder to themselves. Besides the tithes, the people are obliged to pay a tax on their land, on their houses, their sheep, and their polls. The Christians pay also a military tax which exempts them from military duty,

while all the young men of the Turks must serve five years in the army. By such taxation and oppressive exactions the people of the villages, with no industry but farming, and no roads, are kept in a constant state of poverty, while the government treasury, failing to receive more than a small fraction of the taxes collected from the people, is kept in a state of chronic bankruptcy.

It was said of our kaimakäm of Khanoos that he, doubtless, kept for himself two-thirds of the revenues of the province. The proceedings of this official were so notorious that a commission of three was sent from Erzroom to investigate and report. One of these commissioners confessed that the kaimakäm offered him a horse and a hundred liras ($440) in money if he would make a report in his favor. Of course the commissioner did not admit that he accepted the bribe, but it was noticeable that the investigating committee found nothing against the officer, although his irregularities were notorious. The commissioners, however, recommended a new election of members of the kaimakäm's council, one or two of whom were found guilty of taking bribes. The members of this council are ostensibly chosen by the people. When the election was ordered the kaimakäm so controlled it that the only honest men in his council were thrown out, and none but his tools elected! This was precisely what he wanted, and probably the commissioners knew his wishes when they recommended a new election.

I visited this officer, and called his attention to the irregularities in his district, and suggested that they did not indicate the reform in Turkish government of which so much was said in those days. At this the kaimakäm cocked his *fez* over one eye, and turning to a friend asked, with

an air of mock inquiry, "What is this 'reform' to which he refers?" It was evident that, as I had no bribes to offer, he intended to receive my suggestions with ridicule. But when I alluded to the press of Constantinople, which, notwithstanding the rigid government censorship, is becoming a great power, and to the sentiment of foreign nations which even he could not altogether ignore, he became more inclined to listen courteously and to promise better things, a promise which he took care never to keep. This man was able to hold his place against commissions and consuls, and the united cry of the people, because his exactions gave him enormous wealth, with which he bought up all that could help or hurt him in his own province. There is reason to believe that he even succeeded in bribing the Armenian Bishop of Erzroom to use his influence in his favor. To the credit of the Armenians it should be added that they repudiated their bishop for this and other similar conduct, and he was forced to resign and give place to a better man.

Thus it appears that unscrupulous rascals remain in office, while an upright governor is soon crowded out by one who can bid higher for his place, and is willing to feed the numerous cormorants that hang about, greedy for spoils. The good men are weeded out and the bad men, with very rare exceptions, remain. All talk of reform, which does not secure honest men to administer the offices of the government, is of little avail. Indeed nothing can bring about reform until, by means of churches and schools, such as we are establishing, the mass of the people become so enlightened that they will no longer tolerate dishonest rulers.

CHAPTER VII.

DAILY OCCUPATIONS.

THE missionary is usually represented in pictures as standing with open Bible, declaring the gospel to throngs of eager listeners. How happy would every missionary be, if this ideal picture were always the real one! There are times when it is realized in a good degree, but necessarily a large part of a missionary's time is taken up with duties which may seem unimportant, but which cannot be avoided.

For instance, one member of each station must act as a treasurer, whose duty it is to take charge of all money received into or paid out of the treasury, keeping careful account of the same, and rendering his account with a balance-sheet, in due form, twice a year. When it is considered that the treasurer has dealings with fifty or a hundred different persons or departments, that items come to him in a great variety of form and in different kinds of money, and that the balance-sheet, as every accountant knows, must be minutely correct, one may appreciate something of the labors of the treasury department.

This becomes a valuable teaching to a people where loose business habits and crude notions of accuracy prevail. As in other matters, so especially in business transactions, missionaries are to be examples not only of honesty but also of habits of precision. Money for the treasury is procured

by selling drafts payable in Constantinople. Merchants are eager to buy our paper, sometimes paying a premium for it. This they send to their agents in Constantinople.

The treasurer has charge, also, of the many boxes for missionaries in Erzroom, Bitlis, Van, and Persia. The greater part of the labor, such as receiving and despatching the boxes, can be done by a native assistant, but accounts, correspondence, and the general supervision must be in the hands of a missionary.

Notwithstanding all these cares of a treasurer at a mission station, he is still an active laborer in the general work. His office necessitates extensive correspondence with helpers in all parts of the field, and his opportunities are excellent to stir them up with words of exhortation, advice and encouragement. He may also take his place with the others in touring and preaching, allowing his duties as treasurer to occupy as little time as possible. Besides the treasurership, there is the "Book Department," which is assigned to one of our number. A large room is fitted up with shelves, which are filled with Bibles, Testaments, and Psalms, in a dozen different languages, and in a great variety of type and binding; there are also many religious books and school-books. It is no light care to attend to book accounts with the department in Constantinople, and with all the helpers and colporteurs that assist in the circulation of the books, and also to push the sale of Bibles by the judicious employment of colporteurs in all parts of the field. The missionary who has charge of the Book Department is in a position to do a great work for the Saviour.

There is also the "Political Department," which includes a care of all cases of oppression and persecution, requiring a visit to the pasha or the English consul.

Sometimes cases arise in this department which occasion great annoyance, and occupy much time. Turkish officials are so ready to promise to redress every wrong, and so slow to fulfil their promises that one's patience is a hundred times exhausted before anything is accomplished. We are much indebted to the consuls of Her Britannic Majesty for the kind assistance they have always rendered us. When the secret treaty or convention, June 4, 1878, established what was called the "English Protectorate," the friends of the reform of Turkey confidently hoped that English influence would be greatly increased, and reform would soon be realized. But missionaries, who knew the difficulties of the problem better than others, did not anticipate much help from that treaty. As a fact, English influence has been largely obliterated by it. True the English government agreed to defend the Turks against further Russian aggression, and for this it would seem the Turks should be grateful. But as soon as the terms of this treaty, and the fact that England was to take possession of Cyprus became known, Russia, which would naturally be aroused to bitter opposition to England, succeeded in persuading the Turks that, as England had already taken possession of Cyprus, she intended ultimately to take possession of Asia Minor. The Turks, therefore, began to watch jealously any interference of the English, and to decline to renew many favors, which formerly were easily obtained.

Frequently we have been asked to assist in the release of some one who has been imprisoned on a false charge. The difficulty generally is to bring the case to an examination. And often, after months of effort have been exhausted, there seems no alternative for the imprisoned man but to resort to the method of the country and purchase a

release. Bribery is not to be defended in any case, but when one finds such a tide running that way all around him, it is not surprising if he is sometimes carried along with it.

One of our own number was once imprisoned in a very curious manner; serious enough it was for a while, but as we look back upon it now, it seems very amusing. During his first year of missionary life, Mr. Cole had a habit of rising at six o'clock, and taking a walk before breakfast. One morning he did not return at the usual time. Word was sent to his associates and others that he was missing, and a search was commenced. We went over the ground where he was most likely to take his walk. The thought of possible foul play agitated our minds, and how much the heart of his suffering wife was wrung by imaginings of the worst, only she can tell. No trace of him could be found. We returned, and mounting our horses extended our search to more distant points. We went entirely around the city enquiring and searching in all directions. Again we returned to our houses more saddened than ever, since not the least trace of our lost brother could be found. There we learned that a man, possibly Mr. Cole, was confined at the Serai, or palace of the pasha. We immediately bounded into our saddles and went as fast as our horses could carry us to the Serai. Hastily dismounting, we entered, and hurriedly inquired for the foreigner that was under arrest. We were pointed to a room in the extreme end of the corridor. Walking quickly to the room indicated we found the lost one, sitting in the waiting-room of the *zabtiehs*—not exactly in prison. Imagine our delight and relief, and the greater joy of our associate at this meeting.

A few words told his story. In his walk he had, with a natural curiosity, begun to inspect the fortifications, which were in process of building. It is not at all surprising that he should imagine no harm in this. He discovered his mistake only when a *zabtieh*, supposing him to be a Russian, getting a plan of the works for the Russian government, insisted on his accompanying him to the Serai. Mr. Cole had not yet learned the language sufficiently to explain who he was, which only more fully convinced the *zabtieh* that he was a wicked foreign spy, who was not entitled to his liberty. We found that our brother had been treated with a reasonable degree of courtesy by his captors, and he had succeeded in getting a piece of bread to eat, for it was now nearly noon and he had missed his breakfast. A few words with the governor secured his release, after which the pasha had a hearty laugh over what seemed to him a fine joke. The wrong man had been arrested as if he were a Russian, while in fact the real Russians were quietly preparing plans of all Turkish fortifications and maps of the country, which were of great value to them, and this they were skilful enough to accomplish without detection.

In former times the mailing of our letters involved a good deal of labor on post days. Letters could only be mailed as far as Constantinople, the postage being for that distance about thirty-five cents the half-ounce. Of course, with such expensive postage, economy must be studied as much as possible. Thin paper must be used and the letters put up in packages so that no fraction of weight will be lost. A rule of Turkish postage necessitated further labor. A full weight letter is to weigh three drams, but if it weighs more, every additional dram adds one-half to the

postage; that is, a five-dram package would count two letters, a seven-dram package three letters, and so on. To avoid this loss of one dram to each additional postage, it was necessary to put up our letters in three-dram packages. This involved a great deal of careful weighing, with delicate and accurate scales, so that each package should be exactly three drams, no more, no less. And when all was over the result was ten or a dozen packages which could be sent much easier as one package, if it were not for this incomprehensible regulation of the post-office department.

In those days the post-office for this city of sixty thousand inhabitants was an upper room in a dwelling-house in an obscure street of the city. For the greater part of the time it was unoccupied, and had the appearance of an ordinary Turkish sitting-room, with a wide cushioned divan or settee around three sides of it. When the post came in from Constantinople the *postämoodir*, or postmaster, entered with one or two assistants, the packages of money and other valuables were locked up in a box till called for; the letters or papers for the pasha and other leading officials were laid one side, or delivered to servants that stood waiting; and the rest of the letters were placed in a shallow basket, and the crowd allowed to scramble for their things as they best could. Sometimes one of the clerks read aloud the address, and passed the letter into the crowd if some one responded, "give."

A similar clumsy method was used in mailing letters. There were stamps, but the postmaster preferred not to sell them; one was tempted to suspect the reason to be that he might have a convenient opportunity of taking in more money than he used stamps. The postmaster sat on his folded legs with the scales before him. He threw each let-

ter on the scales and carefully estimated the postage. The problem was so profound that the bringer of the letter was wholly unable to say whether the right sum had been named or not. He counts out the money and passes on. Let some one estimate how many clerks would be needed in the New York or Philadelphia post-office if that were the style of mailing letters.

There has since been considerable change in the post-office arrangements. The telegraph-office and post-office combined constitute quite a busy and business-like place. A series of boxes assists in the distribution of mail matter, and stamps may be bought and used by any. By the terms of the postal union we may send half-ounce, or fifteen gramme, letters direct from Erzroom to any part of the United States for five cents. This greatly simplifies the labor of mailing our letters, and reduces the expense fifteen-fold. But even now the postal business of Turkey is so small that three or four horses, travelling at a gallop, are able to carry the weekly mail for a province numbering some two millions of inhabitants. These horses will not be able to do this work when schools are started in every village, and every house has a half-dozen letter writers. That day is coming.

The post-office clerk who mails our letters addressed in English is also able to telegraph in English, so that telegraphic messages, as well as letters, can be sent direct to, or received from, any part of the United States.

A missionary's correspondence is a heavy tax upon his time. Full reports must be regularly made to the home office, the weekly home letters must be sent, and the Sabbath-schools and churches that help us must know how we are using the means placed in our hands. The Sabbath-school in Malden, Mass., sent us a small printing-press,

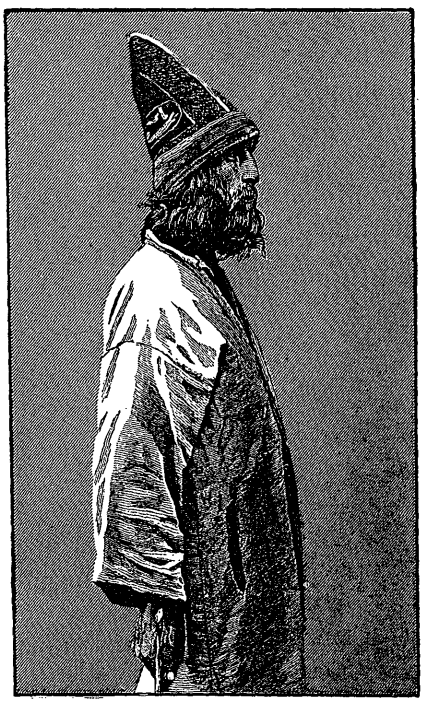
and as I had learned the printer's trade, when a young man, I was able to make it useful in multiplying copies of letters, in issuing the little paper, "Whiffs from Ararat," and in printing hymns, blanks, and circulars needed in our work.

A large share of our correspondence is with our native friends. A man arrives from a distant part of our field, bringing a package of letters. He is to return in a day or two and the answers must be prepared at once. Perhaps the leading men of some important village send a petition for a teacher. The question, "What answer shall be given?" must be considered, and the reply written. Other letters are from preachers, teachers and personal friends. Important measures for the good cause require prompt and full answers, with much advice and exhortation thrown in.

We are glad also to see callers, and as time permits we visit the men in their shops in the market, and their families at home to influence them for good. The interruptions and unexpected calls are so numerous that we seldom accomplish what has been planned as the work of a day. There are often special calls for medical services, and it is usual to set apart an hour each week for vaccination. If other duties permitted, one's whole time might be profitably spent in medical work.

There are, indeed, serious drawbacks to the practice of medicine among such a people. A physician cannot be sure that medicines will be given as he directs; hence he can never risk a powerful medicine in the natives' hands, lest three or four doses be swallowed at once, and the patient killed, in which case the doctor must bear the blame. Even when the medicine is rightly given, if the patient dies the doctor is made responsible. It may be, too, that as soon

as the doctor is out of the house his medicines and advice are put aside, and an ignorant old woman is allowed to take charge of the case. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, a physician may accomplish much in breaking down prejudice, and relieving the poor people of their sufferings.



DERVISH.

Considerable time is unavoidably occupied with family cares. The wife and mother does not have a kind aunt or mother or sister with whom she can leave her children, when she goes out to mission work. Nor can reliable nurses

be easily found, to whom the morals as well as the health and life of children may be trusted. The mother's first duty seems therefore to be to her children, contenting herself with occasional calls at native houses, with attending the weekly women's meeting, taking charge of it in her turn, and with receiving such as call on her. But the few words she is able to speak go forth with a power increased a hundred-fold, because of her example as a true and faithful Christian mother.

The husband's time, too, must to some extent be devoted to his family. Women and children in an eastern city cannot go out with the same freedom they enjoy in our free land. It is rare that they go into the bazaars of the town, and then only when accompanied by one of the gentlemen. Unless some effort is made, it is evident they would remain shut up in their houses, day after day, greatly to the detriment of health and spirits. Oftentimes it is hard to break away from pressing duties to take the daily ride, but long experience has taught us that the new life and vigor gained from an hour's gallop many times repays its cost. Sometimes sickness invades our houses, and the life of a wife or child seems ready to take its flight; then for many days and nights little more can be done, than to watch anxiously by the sick one's bed.

So numerous are the interruptions pertaining to the family life, that, considering also the greater expense of families, some have urged the propriety of carrying on the work by unmarried missionaries. A certain proportion of the men might voluntarily engage in the work unmarried, with good success, as so many women do, greatly to their credit.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WOMEN OF TURKEY.

CHRISTIANITY, even in the corrupted form in which it is held by the old Armenian Church, has done much for woman. It established the practice of monogamy and made divorce impossible. The position of the Armenian wife is, therefore, far superior to that of her Mohammedan sister who may be obliged to share her husband with two or three others, and who is liable to be put away on the slightest pretext. Intelligence only is necessary to place the Armenian woman by the side of her husband as the "helpmeet" which God created her to be. Already in a city like Constantinople, which is partially European, the Armenian ladies enjoy the same freedom as those of America, and, when educated, are able to take their places in the best society. But as one moves farther and farther into the interior, many of the restraints peculiar to Mohammedanism will be found among Armenians. For instance, in Trebizond, a seacoast town, it is common for Armenian ladies to adopt European dress and appear on the street with uncovered face and unattended. But in Erzroom, an interior town, though European dress is adopted to some extent, and the women in church often sit with exposed faces, still they would not appear on the street without the traditional *ehräm*, a large sheet that covers the whole person and is drawn over the face so as to conceal all but the

eyes. A woman, unless an old one, would also need an attendant, who might be a small boy or girl. And in cities still farther interior the Christian women are almost as much secluded as those of the Mohammedans.



TREBIZOND WOMAN CARDING WOOL.

In the villages the women are not so careful to cover their faces, except in the case of betrothed girls and newly married wives. But the village women have far less liberty than their sisters in the towns. This is due largely to the ignorance and poverty of the people. As soon as a

girl is able to do anything she must begin to work, her first duty being, perhaps, to assist in tending the lambs or calves of the village while feeding in their pasture. When a little older and stronger she must go to the mountain to gather sticks for fuel, or engage in some similar menial service. Mr. Knapp, of Bitlis, was once urging a villager to send his daughter to school. While they were talking, the villager's daughter came up with a bundle of sticks on her back and threw it down at their feet. The father replied triumphantly, pointing to the wood, "If my girl should learn to read, who would bring my wood?"

At the age of twelve or fourteen the girl is betrothed. The match is arranged by the parents and friends of the parties to be married. The first step is taken by the mother of the young man who wants a daughter-in-law to help her in her housework. She visits the candidates, accompanied by some friend. The girl is expected to serve coffee when the would-be mother-in-law observes her appearance and movements, and judges of her worth. If she is favorably impressed, other friends are consulted, and possibly the young man himself is permitted a distant glimpse of the one proposed for his life-partner, and his wishes consulted. Often, however, no attention whatever is paid to the wishes of the young man.

I once knew a family of seven sons and no daughters. The mother was overburdened with household cares and watched for the time when her oldest son could bring home a bride, for "hired girls" cannot be had, and this was the only way to get help. When the son was thirteen or fourteen years of age negotiations were begun to secure him a wife. But he said he did not wish to marry. Little attention, however, was paid to what he said, and he was in due

form engaged to be married, though he still protested that he would not take the girl. At last the day came for the wedding, and the boy, with a strange obstinacy, ran away and for many days could not be found. The friends saw that he was in earnest and it would not be well further to override his wishes. But how to fulfil the pledges made to the friends of the girl was a puzzling question. It was proposed, however, and finally agreed, that the girl should wait till the second boy grew up and then he should take her!

In some localities a price is placed on the girl. Once when I reproved a Protestant of Khanoos because he paid ten liras ($44) for a bride for his son, he replied, "What else could I do? No one gave me his daughter without pay, and we needed the bride in our house." We are glad that as our work progresses practices of this kind fall into disuse. In the cities, already, the parents of the girls are only too glad to give their daughters to good husbands, adding as large a dower as their means will permit. It is common when a girl is born to begin to string gold coins around her forehead or neck, adding to them from time to time until at marriage they amount to a goodly sum. This is a part of the bride's dowry which the husband cannot take from her, though he does often persuade her to give it to him of her own free will. If, however, she holds firmly to her right, which is the sensible thing to do, she will have the fund as a reserve in case of widowhood or other calamity. A coin used as jewelry always has this advantage that it can at any time be used again as money at its full value, if of full weight. A woman may also prevent the sale of her home by refusing to sign the deed.

The condition of the newly married woman is determined largely by the conduct of the mother-in-law. The rule is that the bride shall not go out to any public place for a year or more, and that she shall not speak above a whisper in the presence of her father-in-law and brothers-in-law. Her face must be closely veiled in the presence of men; neither is she to converse with any man. I have often endeavored to get a few words from a bride whom I had known for years as a girl, and to see her face, but without success. If the mother-in-law is disposed she can shorten the time and mitigate the rigor of this bondage. But generally the mother-in-law insists on the strict application of the law; and if an educated daughter-in-law refuses to submit there arises such "variance" as was predicted by Christ (Matt. 10: 35).

When the second son brings home a bride, the "bride-hood" passes to her, and she is relieved in her turn when the third son is married, and so on. The last bride may carry the name, and with it do all the menial work of the family for fifteen or twenty years. When three or four sons bring wives to their father's house and children multiply, there are sometimes thirty or forty souls under one roof. While the father lives he is the head of all. When he dies the oldest son succeeds to the headship. The father is not expected to engage in severe labor after the sons are grown up; and generally after he is sixty years old he is able to spend a serene and quiet old age, the sons being required by custom to care for their aged parents.

The anxiety to have a son is easily understood when it is remembered that a man without a son has no dependence in old age. The daughters all go away and their duties and their privileges are thenceforth connected wholly with the

families into which they marry. If a woman is left a widow she may marry again and go to another house, but she cannot take her children with her; they belong to the family of her deceased husband. This is a hard rule when the children are small, and oftentimes it is not strictly enforced.

When houses overflow with numbers there is a swarming; the brothers separate, new houses are organized, and the land is divided; and after the land is no longer able to support them, one at least from each house goes to Constantinople or some other distant city to engage as boatman or porter or servant, in order to eke out the family income.

As the women are more ignorant than the men they are more difficult to reach. When our church was organized in Erzroom all the members were males, and not more than one woman was heartily in sympathy with the movement. Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. Parmelee labored with the women for a long time before any were sufficiently interested to attend the weekly female prayer-meeting with regularity. And when, after years of patient and prayerful toil and waiting, two women offered themselves for church membership, it was an occasion of great rejoicing. Later a goodly number of women and girls came to the table of the Lord, though some in the midst of Protestant families still cling tenaciously to the tenets of their early faith.

From the commencement of our work something has been done for the education of girls. In the early days of the work no competent female teachers could be found. In Erzroom a woman was employed who could teach little more than reading. There was no difficulty in obtaining scholars from the class not old enough to be useful at home; these the mothers were glad enough to get out of the way. But

even this small beginning had a good effect, not only directly but indirectly, in stimulating the Armenians of the old church to establish schools for girls. First, a woman able to read would gather in a dozen or fifteen girls, with perhaps a few little boys; and while the "school" sat on one side of her kitchen, she would attend to her household duties, hearing them read once or twice a day, and charging each, one or two cents a week tuition. Later the interest in female education became so general that a part of the revenue which the Armenian community enjoys from its property was set apart for this purpose, and a large and pleasant girls' school-building was erected in Erzroom. Here more than a hundred girls attend school, ranging in age from five to fifteen. The teachers have generally not been properly qualified for their task, and more attention is paid to fancy needlework than to the solid branches of an education. They are beginning to use text-books from our presses, and when they are willing to employ teachers educated in our schools their standards will greatly improve.

Our special labors for the higher education of girls began about twenty-five years ago, when Miss Van Duzee joined our station. After a few months spent in the study of the language, her school was opened and was made up chiefly of village girls and the wives of young men in our training-class. The parents of girls in the city were either indifferent or too much opposed to our work to send their daughters. The education was at first "high" only because the scholars were older than those in other schools, for their studies were the common branches. The school was held in a room in a native house; it was the best we could find, but had no suitable furniture for a school. Frequent changes were made, and it was not until an appropriation was

secured and the house adjoining one of our missionary houses was purchased and fitted into comfortable quarters for boarding and day scholars, that the wanderings of the school ceased.

The vacations of the girls' school corresponded with those of the training-class, whose members study from April to October and then go to the villages to teach and preach through the winter. The helpers' wives, of course, go with their husbands, and the girls were employed as teachers so far as we could arrange to place them near their homes. We once attempted to send a girl a long distance from her father's house, but he would not consent, as it was contrary to the custom of the country for girls to go among strangers, and it seemed best not to press the plan. The long winter vacation also gave leisure to the lady teachers to engage in general missionary work. But the experience of several years showed that there must be a winter session in order to encourage attendance from the city.

Miss Van Duzee was with the school from its beginning. Her first associate was Miss Patrick, who, after four years of efficient labor, was called to supply the urgent need at the "Home" school in Constantinople. Miss Nicholson succeeded her and laid down her life while bravely laboring for the besieged and starving people of Erzroom. Then came the lovely Miss Bliss (afterwards Mrs. Chambers), whose brief but very fragrant missionary career was brought to a sudden close. Miss Hattie G. Powers and Miss Mary E. Brooks were then associated with Miss Van Duzee in the conduct of the school and in general missionary work for women.

At the opening of our girls' school it was very difficult to persuade any to send their girls, even when no charge

was made for tuition; now tuition is demanded of all. When one is too poor to pay money she is required to pay in labor; boarders must pay money or bring enough flour or other articles of food to provide the greater part of the expense of their board. It can hardly be expected that the school will be entirely self-supporting, but it may become as nearly so as are the majority of schools in this country.

Something of the manner and the difficulties of the work among women may be learned from the following letter:

Let me tell you something of two aged Armenian women whom Miss Nicholson and I visited recently. They have been ill for some time and look old and infirm, though, if their account is to be believed, they are not nearly as old as they seem. Few persons here know how old they really are, because, as they say, "it isn't written down."

Poor Yeranoohee, whom we visited first, was born at Damascus, and lived there until she became a widow, when, with her young family, she removed here. She loves to tell of the beauties of her city, its trees and flowers, which she sadly misses here, and I said to myself, "I will read and sing to her of the beauties and glories of the New Jerusalem, and she must be interested, for she seems near her end." But she was not inclined to talk, and the room was full of people, and so my books remained in my pocket. A giddy girl was talking aloud of what we had on, and others were asking us all sorts of questions, and we left, feeling poorly satisfied with the result of our call. But the Lord knows how we longed to do the poor woman good, and I trust he accepted the offering.

Then we went to see Heghnar, who, like Yeranoohee, is not a Protestant. I had heard that she always enquired after a visitor had left, "Did he say he thought I should die soon?" So I think she feared death. When asked if she wished to talk with me, she replied "Yes, but my pain is great."

I said, "You are anxious to know whether you are soon to die. The great question is whether you are *ready* to die."

"Yes, I am ready," she answered.

"Do you pray?" I asked.

"God knows," she said.

"But *do* you?" I persisted; but all the reply I could get was, "God knows all about my prayers;" so I fear the poor creature does not pray in any way that is acceptable to God. She is most faithful in keeping the fasts of her church even in her present weak state, and contrary to the wish of her priest, who advised her friends to deceive her in regard to the time of their occurrence.

When well, Heghnar was believed to be able to cure a malady called "evil eye." If a person says of a child that it is very pretty, or very bright, and it sickens soon after, its friends say, "It is the evil eye." Some one reputed to have the art of curing the disease must now place a hand on the child's forehead, mumble some prayers, receive a fee, and then pronounce it cured. You see what strange notions prevail here in regard to the origin of disease. Much of it is attributed to having had a fright. The other day the mother of a child evidently suffering from fever and ague said it was due to the child's having been frightened in a dream. Once when we told a young man that we thought his sister was suffering from scrofula, he replied, "Oh! no, she thought and thought, and a sore came, and she thought and thought, and another sore came," and he added with a shake of the head, "Too much thinking is bad, and often causes a man to lose his soul."

The methods of treating disease in this country are as peculiar as the causes assigned. Heghnar claims that she can cure sickness caused by fright, as well as the "evil eye." In this case she adds to her prayers the form of measuring the girdle of the patient three days in succession. Each day she reports it shorter, thus showing that the fear is gradually losing possession of the person.

We once employed in our kitchen a very faithful young

man from this city who had not been successful in his trade, and had resorted to the "charm cure." He wore about his neck, in a little tin box, a written document which, it was said, would keep Satan away, his satanic majesty being the supposed author of his misfortunes. After a few months the young man sickened and returned to his mother's house. At first he tried the remedies we prescribed, but soon went back to the mummeries of his religion, for he was not a Protestant. He began to keep candles burning in a portion of the Armenian church called "The Temple," which is said to be 1000 years old. Receiving no benefit from this, he was told in a dream to visit a certain monastery, and enter a cave which is considered holy. His wife, who was supposed to favor Protestantism, was charged not to accompany her husband, as her presence would prevent any good effect. Still he got no better. Then he visited a cold spring and bathed in it, enough to make a well man sick. But all was of no avail, and poor Härootune died. . . .

The condition of women in some remote interior provinces is indicated by the following extracts from the letter of one of our teachers, who, we are glad to say, found these things so exceptional as to attract his special attention.

The village where we are staying is in a narrow and deep valley, so that, if we were to die suddenly, it would, according to the people's idea, take a long time to rise to heaven. We find wonderful customs here. Girls, newly born, are hastily engaged to boys not yet a year old. In every house there are several engaged girls, and also several engaged boys, so that if we should wish to engage our boy (about four years old), perhaps we could not find a girl, but it would be necessary to wait until a new one was born; then if we heard quickly of her birth we might secure her; otherwise there would be no hope.

These past days several children were married, who could not tie their girdles, they were so small.

In my school some of the boys and girls are married, and some are engaged. The girls are sold like cows or other animals for from $75 to $175 each. That is, two mules could be bought with the price of one girl. Widows are worth more than girls because already trained to work.

Brides are not permitted to speak to certain of their husbands' relatives for many years.

The women shave half their heads from the back to the crown, and in the place of the hair they bind a great deal of cloth.

Many times I have seen heavy loads on the backs of young brides.

The women bring water from a great distance. They wash their clothes with their feet in cold water without soap. Their washing-places lie on my way to school. Often I see ten or fifteen women on the flat rocks in the river, who so continually strike the clothes, keeping time with their feet, that they make a great noise. This winter there came so great cold that I hardly dared go out, yet in the coldest weather, the women, in crowds, washed their clothes, standing in the freezing water. I wonder they did not freeze.

CHAPTER IX.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG MEN.

ORIGINALLY it was thought that the high school established at Harpoot would be sufficient for all the stations of the Mission to Eastern Turkey. Experience, however, taught the contrary. The difficulty of travel—a journey from Erzroom to Harpoot requiring ten days of time and large expense—the fixed habits of the people, disinclining them to move readily from place to place; and especially the desirableness of spreading model schools in as many localities as possible in order to arouse an interest in education among the people—these and other considerations led to the establishment, in the larger cities of the Mission, of higher schools, intermediate between the common schools and the college at Harpoot.

Our school began as a training-class. A company of young men, whose training had been begun by the lamented Pastor Härootune, came from Khanoos. Three of them are still among our most faithful preachers, and one died in the service. Others from Erzroom and other places, joined the class and the work began. Their studies were at first limited to the Bible, arithmetic, grammar and geography; for at that time education was still at a low grade. Afterwards the higher mathematics, natural and mental philosophy, physiology and other advanced branches were introduced.

While they studied they also labored. Companies of two or three each were organized to go to the villages on Sundays and preach the word. They were often stoned. The shoes of one of them, which had been left at the door, were cut to pieces as an act of spite. The people of the near villages became so bitter that they refused to allow the students to enter their houses. We then rented houses in different villages and insisted on our right to sit in our own premises and speak to those who came to us. On one occasion, when I was with our young men, the villagers incited a company of women to come upon us in our own room and drive us away with sticks and cudgels. If the men themselves had attempted it they knew they would be arrested and punished. But women, enjoying a rare immunity from arrest in Turkey, might hope to do it without punishment. We defended ourselves from this attack, and refused to leave our own quarters; but afterwards, when we went out of the village to return home, we were followed by a crowd and pelted with bones, mud and stones. This bitter hostility has long since passed away, and we only lack missionaries and native preachers to cultivate thoroughly the hundred or more villages in the Erzroom plain.

In the winter our young men are sent out to villages to teach and preach. When going among friends one may go alone, but when going where there may be persecution it is customary to send them two and two, as Christ sent the seventy. At first there was no school during the winter, but afterwards, when a strong desire on the part of many besides our helpers was manifested to enter the school, it was thought best to continue the school through the winter. This was the more necessary as the schools supported by the

Armenian community have always been superior to those in other parts of our Mission field, and also because a number of Armenian families had established a select school, in which a large tuition fee was charged. Bright, promising young men were learning French and gaining access to the infidel writings of that language, and there was danger that their Christianity would be quite wrecked. It required our mission to furnish for them a good education, which would at the same time be Christian and evangelical. We therefore threw open the doors of our school to all who chose to come, charging tuition.

In another respect, besides their high evangelical tone, our schools are Christianizers. In the schools of the old Armenian Church the studies, chiefly languages, logic, rhetoric, etc., are such as strengthen the memory but do not cultivate the reasoning powers nor compel rigid exactness. In our schools mathematics are prominent, and when one is familiar with the unalterable rules of arithmetic, and the axiomatic truths of geometry, falsehood becomes more difficult and uprightness more attractive. Thus in every way by teaching in our schools the truths of nature as well as of revelation we hope to win the young men of Armenia, some to become preachers and others to be worthy Christian citizens.

Our school was first kept in the chapel; afterwards rooms were rented, and then a room was fitted up in a wing of one of the missionary houses. Finally an appropriation was granted from the "Otis fund" to put up a school-building.

The following sketch of one of our school examinations in one of the earlier years will show what the schools were then doing.

After a pleasant and profitable session of five months, our schools closed with the usual examinations on the 5th and 6th of October. The exercises were ushered in with no flourish of trumpets, and closed without one attempt at display; yet they were a success, and gave great pleasure to all present. After devotional exercises on Tuesday morning, we listened to the young men's class in exegesis, followed by an essay of one of their number on "What it is to be a follower of Jesus." The Bible Class, composed of girls, next interested us, one of them reading a theme on "Faith." Then followed classes in grammar, spelling, arithmetic, Old and New Testaments, physiology and geometry, interspersed with essays, declamations, recitations and music. By noon of the first day the school-room was crowded with visitors, and continued so to the close of the exercises, showing that education is held in higher esteem than formerly. The English consul and family and other European friends gave us the encouragement of their presence, though not understanding the Armenian language. They could, however, enter with interest into the recitations in geography, as outline maps were used; and the consul commended the scholars, and gave them, in Turkish, some very excellent advice. He illustrated the ignorance of the mass of the people of this land by relating that a government official, in one of the rural districts, inquired of him under what government the Herzegovina is. It reminded us of the question of one of our neighbors, "Could you, if you chose, make the journey to America altogether by land?" and of the oft-repeated inquiry, "Is America as large as Constantinople?"

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT HOLIDAYS.

THE Armenians and Greeks observe what is called the "Old Style" calendar, such as was common with our forefathers three hundred years ago. The difference between the old and new styles is now twelve days, but after 1900 it will be thirteen days. The "O. S." New Year comes therefore on the thirteenth of January of our calendar. The Catholic Armenians, and all Europeans and Americans, observe the New Style. We thus have in Turkey two New Years among Christians.

On our New Year the people come to call on us, sometimes to the number of a hundred or more. Generally the men and women come in separate parties, as they have not yet outgrown the idea that it is a "shame" for men and women to walk together on the streets. A young man, whose wife was violently sick, watched anxiously by her side night and day, caring for her with the utmost tenderness. But afterwards, when they took tea with us, he dared not brave the popular prejudice and walk with his wife on the street, but waited for her little brother to come and escort her home, while he went alone. These prejudices are, however, yielding a little and, a few times, families have come together to make the New Year's call.

Each one greets us with *Shnōrhävōr nōr däree;* that is, "Giftful New Year," and, being seated, pleasant conversa-

tion follows, while cups of coffee and cake and sweetmeats are passed. It is a wearisome day, but full of hearty greetings, and often new acquaintances are formed with those who become friends and helpers in our work. Twelve days later the Christian natives close their shops, and all, clothed in their best attire, devote their time to making and receiving calls. The women generally remain at home while the men go out. It is a long list of calls that we must make on that day; and more difficult because in nearly every place we are urged to drink coffee or sherbet, which is only sweetened water, and partake of sweetmeats. Some have adopted the European custom of offering wine and *saki*, a kind of whisky. We very rarely meet these in the rounds we make.

The Turks have their New Year also, according to the Mohammedan calendar. This follows the lunar year, which is about eleven days shorter than our year. Thus all the Moslem festivals come round each year about eleven days earlier than the previous year, and in about thirty-three years a festival moves through all the months of the year. The Turks make little of their New Year, but a great deal of the Beiram, which immediately follows the month of Ramazan. During this month no faithful Moslem allows anything to pass his lips between sunrise and sunset. I first witnessed the festival of Beiram in March. Now it has moved back through the winter and autumn months and is near the long, hot days of summer, when the poor people in Ramazan will be tormented for fifteen hours with hunger and thirst. For three days the bounding joy of release from this severe fast is expressed by Beiram.

A bloody rite is observed by the Persians called the

Moharrem, because it occurs in the month of that name. This rite is held in honor of Hässän and Hosein, grandsons of Mohammed, their mother, Fatimah, being his daughter. Ali, the father of Hässän and Hosein, was the fourth Caliph or successor of Mohammed. When Ali died his son Hässän succeeded his father. But Moawyah, a powerful general, compelled Hässän to abdicate in his favor; with this condition, however, that when Moawyah died Hässän should again become Caliph. This condition led Yezid, son of Moawyah, to persuade a wife of Hässän to murder him by poisoning. When Moawyah died, and Hosein was called on to acknowledge allegiance to Yezid, he was encouraged by many friends to resist, in the hope that he might be placed on the throne of his grandfather. But he and his friends were overcome, and he and the greater part of his family were slain. The Persians refuse to acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph, and claim that the succession should be in the family of Ali, and in the Moharrem ceremonies they commemorate the life and tragic end of Hässän and Hosein.

Early in the evening a procession is formed at the head of a street. One company carries candles and reads sentences from the Koran. Others, dressed in black, beat their bared breasts and wail mournfully. A saddled and bridled horse, covered with a white, blood-stained cloth, with arrows clinging to it, and a white dove fastened to the empty saddle, is led in the procession; a long pole with a gilded hand attached to one end being carried by its side. This horse represents the horse of Hosein; the dove, the flock of white birds that are said to have hovered around the head of Hosein as he fought; and the hand, the radiant hand with which he drew his faithful sword.

But the most exciting part of the procession is yet to come. Some fifty men and boys, a few being mere children, stand side by side in line, their heads bare, their hair shaved off, and their bodies covered with white sheets. Each man, with his left hand, seizes his neighbor's right arm, and in each man's right hand is a sword. The column moves sideways, and with each step it sways forwards and backwards and, with a thrust of their swords, all shout in concert, "Hässän, Hosein," "Hässän, Hosein," each one in his well-assumed frenzy, and apparently reckless of his own life, striking the top of his head with the edge of the sword. The blood trickles down their faces, and every drop displays itself in gore on their white sheets. Friends walk behind them, holding sticks between their swords and heads, as if to prevent the self-immolation of these fanatics. The procession passes directly under our walls and enters the garden of the Persian consulate, which is in full view of our roof, where harangues are made, the crowd of devotees responding most vigorously. The sight is ghastly and sickening to the last degree, and is a sad commentary on the state of an ignorant people with a false religion.

From the consulate the procession moves on to a large Persian khan, where the orgies are continued through the night. The sufferings of these poor men, with wounded and bleeding heads, in winter's bitter cold, as has been the case for the past few years, must be very intense. Some fall out by the way, some perish. But if they die, they go with a firm faith that, as martyrs, they will enter immediately the highest ranks in Paradise.

It is gratifying that this is the only anniversary we meet with of such a revolting nature; and this is not an institution of the Turks, but is only permitted to the Persians,

even though the exaltation of the house of Ali is necessarily hostile to the claims of the Turks. A large body of Turkish soldiers is always in attendance to prevent possible disturbances growing out of religious hatred.

As there are three New Years, so there are three Christmas days in Turkey. One is that which we observe. The second is the Greek Christmas, which occurs twelve days later than ours, or on December 25, O. S., or January 6, N. S. The third Christmas is that observed by the Armenians, which occurs January 6, O. S. The days are kept as holidays, early service is held in the churches, and during the day the people visit back and forth.

But missionaries try to keep Christmas as near as possible to customs in our native land. We cannot always have a Christmas tree, as there are but few forests in the region of Ararat, and those few are a long way off. One year, however, Mr. Pierce took his family to Trebizond over the new carriage road in the "touring wagon," while I accompanied them on horseback. On our return, I cut a beautiful young spruce near the summit of the Zigana mountain, six days' journey from Erzroom, and binding it on top of the carriage cover, it arrived safely.

With us the Fourth of July also receives due notice. Sometimes we organize a picnic party and spend the afternoon in out-door sports. One year Mr. Pierce, with thoughtful foresight, ordered a nice assortment of fireworks from London, which, supplemented by such rockets as the Persians of Erzroom could make, gave us a fine evening's entertainment. The English consul, Mr. Zohrab, and his family were invited to join us in celebrating our release from "British oppression." This called out a document, in mock official style, which said:

"Seeing that time heals wounds, and that parents should be always forgiving, it is hereby resolved that the members of this Office of State will bury the tomahawk and join the disobedient children in a calumet of peace, only that this act of oblivion be not taken as a precedent. For this day seditious songs, such as 'Hail Columbia!' and 'Yankee Doodle,' may be sung!"

It was a very cheerful party that, on that Fourth of July, sang those songs, sat down together at tea, and patriotically fired off rockets and Roman candles, none joining more heartily than our English friends.

CHAPTER XI.

DOWN THE EUPHRATES.

ONE autumn Miss Patrick and I made a tour to the western portion of our field. Turning southward from a direct course, we crossed the high range of mountains that bound the Erzroom plain, and at the end of two days' hard march we reached our out-station, Melikan. In this little village, picturesquely located at the foot of the mountains in a narrow but lovely valley, many years ago, Hohannes (John) and his good wife Hunazant (Obedient) had learned the truth and held it through much persecution. Years before our present visit I had sat in a dim and smoky apartment of Hohannes's house and read to him and the people gathered in, from the large print Bible which had grown yellow from smoke and soiled from much usage. Hohannes drank in the refreshing words and by his comments and questions showed his familiarity with God's word, and his own progress in spiritual growth. Hohannes died soon after, and it was delightful to think what a glorious transition he experienced when he passed from the rude discomforts of his dismal earthly abode to the shining mansions on high.

It had been his earnest desire to see a chapel built in his village and to have a preacher located there. After he was gone, his wife, true to the same purpose, became the leading spirit in the little Protestant community. She led on the

people to accomplish what had been the earnest purpose of her deceased husband. They had to contend not only with poverty but with violent opposers of the truth. Influential men resolved that this beacon light should not be kindled there. As a woman was the most active in pushing forward the work, so a woman was among the most bitter in opposing it, vowing that the Protestants should not build a chapel while she lived. She was laid on a bed of sickness, and fearing that the Lord intended to remove her opposition to his work, she hastened to propitiate him by calling some of the Protestants and promising to help them build, should she recover. But she died, as did also one or two other violent opposers. Thus obstacles were removed and after three years of waiting and working the house was built; for the first time we found a preacher and his family located in it, and there we were entertained.

The villagers did their best to make us comfortable, and here we met the "manna" which is peculiar to this part of Turkey.

According to the best of our information, this manna is not an exudation, but a deposit from the atmosphere, like dew, not only on every green thing, but also on the ground and rocks. This phenomenon occurs in the summer months, in clear weather, at night; and, under the morning sun, the clear, honey-like drops, which cover everything, sparkle with indescribable brilliancy. Sometimes it appears as flour sprinkled over the leaves of the trees.

The people gather it from a species of oak, the leaves being gathered, dried and pressed into a green, sticky mass, in which form it is an article of commerce. Sometimes the manna is immediately washed off the leaves with water, which, by boiling, is reduced to molasses, or by excessive

boiling, to a hard, glue-like substance, which neither crystallizes nor granulates.

Large quantities of manna fell near Melikan during the summer previous to our visit there. Many of the villagers spent weeks on the mountains, night and day, each morning gathering the manna before it was melted by the sun, and boiling it down. This "heavenly bread," as the people call it, was placed before us at every meal, either poured over other food or as a separate dish. It has a pleasant, sweet taste, and may be eaten as freely as honey or syrup.

Plainly, this was not the manna of the Israelites, yet the question arises whether the miracle of their supply was not a modification and intensification of a natural process rather than something entirely outside of nature's realm.

During the famine which prevailed after the war with Russia, in the region of Ararat, there was a kind of manna much resembling the manna of the Israelites. It fell in globules about the size of a pea, the surface being of a brown color, perhaps discolored from the soil, while within the substance was a white chalky powder. The people found this scattered about the fields, and, in their distress for food, ground it into flour, from which very respectable bread was made. Who can explain the phenomenon of this manna?

After several days of very pleasant social intercourse with this simple people, preaching to them and advising as to their spiritual affairs for the winter, we were ready to start on our way. But a violent snow-storm compelled us to delay. We waited patiently till more than a foot of snow had fallen. When the clouds cleared away and the sun once more shone out bright, we saddled our horses for another start. But a high mountain was before us, the roads were unbroken, and

we did not know the way. We therefore gladly accepted the offer of two of our Protestant brethren to accompany us over the mountain summit.

Before we had gone far we passed a village of Circassians who formerly inhabited the mountainous regions of Russian Georgia. They refused to submit to Russian rule, and for years, fought the Russians. But being subdued they were offered the alternative of submission or of leaving the country. Some three hundred thousand of them chose the latter alternative, and accepted the invitation of the Turkish government to locate in Turkey. When I first entered Turkey in 1863, thousands of these refugees were to be seen everywhere camped by the roadside, using their clumsy covered carts for a shelter at night as well as for journeying by day. Their appearance was pitiable in the extreme, and yet as a race they are very fine looking. Tall, graceful in form, of fair complexion and regular features, it is not surprising that the Turks have for many centuries sought to supply their harems with Circassian beauties. The wonder is that the men of this race could be so base as to sell their daughters and sisters into slavery. And yet the girls themselves are often pleased at the change, which they hope will usher them into a life of luxury and ease. How sadly they are afterwards disappointed the world never knows. This traffic in girls is nominally abolished, yet, in a quiet way, it still goes on. The Circassians are Mohammedans in religion, but like the Koords they care little for any religion.

Their houses are better built than those of the native inhabitants of Turkey, but they are a wild, savage race and a terror to the simple Turkish peasantry, among whom they have been scattered throughout the length and breadth of

the land. They steal and rob in a reckless manner, and do not hesitate to murder when occasion serves.

As we moved up the mountain side the snow grew deeper, and we had to break our way. Without our guides we should have been utterly bewildered. As we neared the summit, the snow became so deep that we were compelled to dismount and wallow along as best we could, the horses floundering along behind us. Our thoughts naturally reverted to the previous winter, when Mr. Pierce, Miss Van Duzee and ourselves, while on a tour to Khanoos, were detained a week in a Koordish stable, and wallowed in the snow for two whole days to accomplish fifteen miles of road. We were glad that our former experience was not soon to be repeated, for soon we were past the summit and dropping away from the deep snow. Before evening we reached bare ground and entered the valley of the Euphrates.

From one or two small villages where we sought shelter for the night we were rudely rebuffed, and we pressed on, hoping to reach a village of which our guides knew, but which was still far in the distance. For several hours, after dense darkness had shut down on us, we crept slowly along, wondering whether we might not in the end be obliged to spend the night in the open air. At last we came to a mill, which indicated that a village must be near. We remained near the mill while our guides scouted for the village. Soon fell on our ears the welcome sound of barking dogs, stirred up by our guides. We started in the direction of the sound, and were soon enjoying such comforts as were possible in a peasant village of Turkey.

The next morning our guides bade us adieu and returned to their home, while we took the highway down the Euphrates towards Erzingan. We were now in the

fertile district of Terjän, lying midway between Erzroom and Erzingan, about forty-eight miles distant from either city. The district contains thirty-five Armenian villages, besides a large Turkish population.

On one occasion, after spending a night in one of these villages, I attended the early morning service in the Armenian church, which consisted largely in petitions addressed to a long list of patriarchs, prophets, fathers and other holy men of the church, from the beginning of the world to the present time. After the service, as I was walking to my lodgings in company with my host and the priest of the village, I expressed regret that while we had an almighty Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ, they should turn away from him and appeal to others who were only men like ourselves. "But," said the priest, in reply, "Christ is God and we need mediators between him and us." I was sorry to see how completely this teacher of the people had misconceived Christ's character, but glad to seize the opportunity to declare the perfect humanity of our Saviour, and how as a man he takes us gently and lovingly by the hand and invites us to rest and be saved in him. The priest and the villagers listened attentively, as though it was all new to them.

Two days brought us to Erzingan, which is about ninety-six miles west of Erzroom. This city is situated in the midst of an extensive plain, not so fertile as the Erzroom plain, but much warmer, so that melons are raised in great abundance, and along the slopes of the surrounding mountains vineyards abound. Much of this fruit finds its way to the markets of Erzroom.

The population of the city numbers some 30,000, of whom five or six thousand are Armenians. The houses

are built almost wholly of sun-dried bricks, plastered over with mud. As this soil is of a light color, the glare of the summer sun reflected from the walls of the houses is very trying to the eyes and creates a great heat.

To one crossing the plain the city can scarcely be seen, it is so low. But one building will attract the attention of all. It is an unfinished mosque, of light-colored hewn sandstone, with large and skilfully carved columns to support the roof. By counting the steps of the unfinished minaret which I ascended I estimated the height of the walls to be about eighty feet.

An intensely religious pasha devoted his entire fortune to rearing this mosque as a monument to his zeal; but, according to the popular version, the fear of Russian conquest led him to abandon his purpose.

The Armenians of Erzingan are more than ordinarily intelligent, supporting their schools with commendable liberality. Formerly Sunday was the market day; that is, the one particular day of the week when all buyers and sellers congregate in the city, and more business is transacted than on all the other days of the week. The Armenians were scandalized that the Lord's day should be turned to such uses, and they were able by persistent effort to change the market day to Monday. Thus a comparatively few Christians compelled thousands of Mohammedans to recognize the claims of the Christian holy-day. A similar instance of Christian influence has occurred in Trebizond, where the Christian merchants have induced the Turks to close the custom-house on Lord's day, though it is open on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath.

We lodged with our preacher in our own hired house, which was built so like European houses that it had no

rude posts from which to suspend our hammocks, and we were obliged to use iron hooks driven into the window and door casings. These did not prove strong enough for my weight, and I had a fall which seemed very amusing at the time, but which left results other than amusing.

We spent the Lord's day here and preached to the audiences that gathered, cheering and encouraging the little company of believers to hold firmly on their way.

But our mission led us still farther on. Striking across the plain towards the cut in the mountains made by the Euphrates, we followed down that river, the road sometimes being forced over high spurs, sometimes dropping to a narrow path made in the bank by the water's edge. The river at this point is of good size but not navigable. At night we lodged in a khan standing in a desolate place by the roadside, and towards evening of the second day we reached a district whose chief town is Kemäch. Without visiting the town, which stands at a defensible strategic point on the river, we turned up a branch of the Euphrates, and a little before sunset started up the rugged and rocky face of a spur of the mountain. For an hour we clambered up the steep ascent, the road in some places being so steep that we could with difficulty sit in our saddles; at other points winding along the edge of high precipices, until at last coming out on the summit we found ourselves among friends in our out-station, Häzärk. One is filled with surprise that a village should ever have been built in such a place. The only explanation is that it was to escape the exactions to which villages on the highways are constantly subjected from Turkish soldiers, civil officers, and lawless Koords.

The tillable land is insufficient for the people, and is held

at very high prices. Large numbers of the men seek employment in distant cities, leaving their families one, two, or three years at a time. Their trade is roasting and grinding coffee. This they have done for many generations, using a simple pan over an open fire for roasting, and a huge stone mortar and a heavy iron pestle for pounding it. Coffee thus pounded is finer, the oil is pressed out, and it seems smoother and richer than the ground coffee, and is much preferred by the people. Nothing of this work is done in these home villages, but only in the distant cities they visit. They are not ignorant of the arts of adulteration. Barley, wheat, chiccory, and many other ingredients help to increase the weight of the coffee sold, and add nothing to its harmful effects. Protestantism does not favor this old-time practice.

While scattered in the region of Constantinople these villagers came in contact with Protestant Christianity; some embraced it and became members of Protestant churches. Returning to their homes they brought their New Testaments with them, and soon we began to hear of little companies engaged in studying God's word, who desired us to send them preachers and teachers. We sent them a helper, but the need of a chapel became imperative. The people set to work earnestly to provide one. For more than two months they dragged timbers up the sides of this mountain and gathered stones, with such zeal that their neighbors pronounced them "beside themselves." But they were rewarded by seeing in due time, completed, free from debt, a building containing a large room for school and church uses, besides quarters for a preacher and his family. The whole cost some three hundred dollars, of which the people contributed in money, labor and ma-

terial, about two hundred dollars. Here our preacher was living and laboring, and here we found lodgings during our stay.

Two hours beyond Häzärk, picturesquely located in a deep valley in the mountains, is the village of Päkärich. There also a flourishing Protestant community has sprung up, and the people in their zeal have built a house for their preacher, one room of which is used as a school-room and chapel. Here, too, as in Häzärk the people have very little except what they earn by coffee roasting and grinding. It is even so difficult to find food for their animals that willow and poplar trees are cultivated, and in winter the twigs are cut off and whittled into shavings which their cattle and sheep readily eat. In some parts of Turkey it is customary to cut small oak bushes in summer and stack them up to feed sheep with the dried leaves in winter.

The zeal and good works of this simple people, struggling for existence in the midst of these barren mountains, and often persecuted by their neighbors and the ignorant priests, should be a rebuke to Christians in more favored lands. It was delightful to labor for them. After spending the Lord's day there and arranging their affairs for the winter, we turned our faces homeward. We were a hundred and thirty-eight miles from Erzroom, which we reached after six days' hard travel. We could not shorten the time of our journey, even though the fifth day was Christmas and we were obliged to eat our dinner while riding in our saddles, and our supper in the darkness and smoke and stable odors of a Turkish *ōdah*. On reaching home we found our friends had kindly postponed the Christmas festivities for our benefit.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE IN A GARDEN.

NOT only do English consuls and their families make pleasant neighbors for us, while exiled in our missionary field, but they are able in many ways to help forward our work. Mr. Zohrab and his family were especially kind and helpful. They quite frequently were found at the Protestant chapel on Lord's day morning, though they could not understand a word, and in the evening they attended the English service in our houses.

Mr. Zohrab called the attention of the pasha and of the Armenian bishop to the insults to which we and our people were subjected from their people, and informed them that, as he was a Protestant, he should regard all such insults as personal and would resent them accordingly. This vigorous action had a most happy effect.

By the solicitation of Messrs. Pierce and Cole the Second and Third Churches of Bangor, Me., sent out a bell for our chapel, weighing two hundred and four pounds; and one of our worthy brethren in Erzroom promised to assume the whole expense of a bell-tower. But we were unable to get permission from the pasha to put it up. The Turks do not use bells; but five times a day—at dawn, at noon, in the middle of the afternoon, at sunset, and an hour and a half after sunset—a man called a *muezzin* goes up the minaret or high tower attached to each mosque, and standing on the

high outer gallery calls all the faithful to prayer, declaring that "God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet." A Turk does not like to hear a bell, for that reminds him of Christianity, which to him is infidelity. In many interior parts of Turkey the Mohammedans will not allow a bell to be rung. Our Bitlis friends had a bell which for years was dumb, but whose tongue was afterward loosed. In Harpoot the feeling among the Turks at one time was so strong that the pasha felt obliged to order the bells to be silenced. The missionaries, however, claimed, as foreigners, to be beyond the range of the pasha's order; so they continued to ring their bells, and so all bells were rung as before.

In Erzroom the greatest difficulty was with the bell-tower, as by special city regulation no one can build anything without a permit. Mr. Zohrab, however, ordered the work to go forward, and placing his *cavass*, or body-guard, in front of the premises, gave orders to inform all enquirers that the English consul was responsible. The tower was thus completed, no one asking "Why do ye so?" The bell was put in place and the consul, standing on the roof, in full view of the street, rang it for the first time. From that day to this the bell has done its work unmolested.

Our friends, the consul and his family, were accustomed to camp for the summer in a pleasant mulberry orchard some ten hours north of Erzroom. We were always so anxious to be near our work that we usually chose a place for camping in the plains above the city. In this way, while our wives and children were enjoying the pure mountain air day and night, we could ride or walk into town in the morning, attend to our work through the day and re-

turn to camp towards evening, to unbend for a game of croquet and to sleep in tents that are always admirably self-ventilating and health-giving. But the question arose whether a period of entire freedom from care was not needed to prevent the breaking down which necessitates such frequent returns to America. So our consular friends urged, and we decided one summer to join them at Tortoom.

To make the journey, in addition to our horses, we employed two native ox-carts. These carts are built low and narrow, the wheels being of plank and fastened solid to the axles. Two sticks fastened together in the form of the letter V rest on the axle, so that the closed end forms the tongue, and the open end the foundation for the body of the cart; two pins are driven into the under side of each of these sticks, between which the axle-tree turns as the cart moves. The yoke is straight and long, so that the oxen are wide apart. The bows open under the oxen's necks and are fastened together with leathern thongs. The load is usually placed well forward, and the easiest place to ride is sitting on the tongue between the shoulders of the oxen.

One of our carts was loaded with tents and other camp furniture, while the other was fitted up with mats, rugs and cushions for the comfort of the mother and baby Birdie and the other girls.

There was no built road, but these carts can be used in nearly every direction. The motion of the oxen, no larger than ordinary yearlings in America, was discouragingly slow, and it was hard for the horsemen to wear out the time so as to keep with the carts.

Our route took us up past the sources of the Euphrates

and over the water-sheds between the Euphrates and the Tchōrook.

Late at night we reached camp and found our family safe in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, who had preceded us to Tortoom, and whose guests we were the first night. The next day we were established on a plat of grass, under some large mulberry trees, a corn-field on one side and the river on the other. We revelled in the green corn, which was then in its prime, and which, as none grows near Erzroom, was a great rarity. Our neighbors were in adjoining gardens and afforded us agreeable society. The river was cold and clear and dashed wildly over the rocks, giving opportunity for refreshing and stimulating baths. In its hidden recesses, under the banks and the huge boulders, lay large and beautiful trout, as fine as any disciple of Izaak Walton ever saw dangling from his hook.

Near our camp was a bank made up almost entirely of crumbling stone full of traces of salt-water shells. On a high ridge south of Erzroom, which forms the water-shed between the waters of the Aras and the Euphrates rivers, are beautiful specimens of fossil shells imprinted in the solid rock and in the loose stones. How such shells reached these elevations of from four to eight thousand feet above the sea-level I leave geologists to determine. Down the valley a little distance is a conical rock surmounted by the ruins of an ancient fort, which was built in a very substantial and skilful manner. History gives no hint as to who constructed this fort, and many other similar ones in this part of Turkey. Perhaps the Romans were their builders; perhaps they were built by the Armenians during the period of their prosperity.

In fishing excursions, in rides and walks up and down this beautiful valley abounding in gardens and orchards, in meadows and corn-fields, we passed a pleasant and invigorating vacation; the more so as our Erzroom home was quite destitute of such delightful surroundings.



A TURKISH PORTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

BLACK SEA EXPERIENCES.

THE peculiar trials and labors of Miss Van Duzee during eight years of pioneer work in Erzroom had so far worn upon her health as to necessitate a vacation and a visit to the home-land. Accordingly, I escorted her on her way as far as Constantinople. Leaving her there, I planned, on my return, to visit our out-stations on the coast of the Black Sea. Four lines of steamers—French, Austrian, Russian and Turkish—make weekly trips between Constantinople and Trebizond. In selecting our steamer we usually avoid the Turkish as less likely to be comfortable than the others. But on this occasion I was obliged to take passage in a Turkish boat, it being the only one that touched regularly at Ordoo. The steamer, built in England and evidently designed for some English company, had been sold to the Turks as too slow, or too small, or too old for its purposes. My stateroom was sufficiently large, and by a liberal play of imagination I could hope, but hardly believe, that no one had preceded me in the sheets of my bed. I paid only for my passage, and morning and evening I drew on my own supplies of food, making coffee and tea with a spirit-lamp. At noon the cook of the steamer furnished me a palatable dish of steak and fried potatoes for the moderate sum of five piastres, or about twenty-two cents.

We were most warmly received by our friends in Ordoo. Ten years had passed since my first visit to that city, when I was the first missionary who ever entered the place. God's word had entered long before that and given its proper light. But with my visit began the first organized work. During those ten years a Protestant community had been formed and a suitable house provided for school, chapel and preacher's residence. Schools and church services had been maintained, new families had come in, especially from the Greeks, and all had been trained to systematic tithe-giving. Their liberality abounded so that during this tenth year they contributed to various objects the sum of $172.50, being an average of $3.75 to each man, woman and child in the Christian community. But as in most parts of Turkey a common day laborer receives about twenty-five cents a day, this $3.75 represents fifteen days' labor, which in the United States would be at a low estimate equivalent to twenty dollars. What congregation in the United States, numbering one hundred souls large and small, contributes $2,000 for the support of preacher and all other religious purposes? What congregation of five hundred souls contributes $10,000? Such liberality among all Christian churches would soon fill the mission treasuries, and furnish means to bring the world to hear of Christ within a score of years.

On a bright October morning the preacher and I mounted our mules in the streets of Ordoo, sitting on the top of high pack-saddles, our loading being so arranged as to make a comfortable seat, and started for Semen. About a half hour of our way was over a substantially built, wide, macadamized carriage road, which was originally planned to go on to Sivas, but like many other fine schemes of the Turks, abandoned in its very inception.

The views in every direction were very lovely. Trees and shrubbery, fields of corn, grain and tobacco, and humble farm-houses dotted the landscape which was picturesquely broken into hills, ridges, mountains and valleys. The road, a narrow bridle-path, was very rough and steep and muddy.

The night was spent on the summit of a high ridge which commands a fine view of the country below, and of the Black Sea in the distance. Our khan, or hotel, consisted of one large room built of logs with generous cracks between. In the centre of the room was a fire of glowing embers, the smoke finding its way out at a hole in the roof. On our arrival a fresh lot of hickory sticks was heaped on the hearth, for we were in the midst of forests, and wood was plenty. The loquacious Greek travellers with whom we shared our apartment did not finish their long yarns until after midnight.

Towards evening of the second day we reached Semen, which is built on the steep face of a ravine. It is a Greek village consisting of about a hundred and fifty houses, the basement of each house being built of stone and used as a stable, while the dwelling part is built of logs.

In the summer the villagers take their flocks and go up the mountains to find pasturage, and in the winter the men go to distant cities to find work. Still they are poor, for besides the taxes which the government demands of them, they must pay tribute to a *derebeg* (valley lord) who owns all the land of the village.

The *derebegs* were very numerous and powerful in former times, like the feudal lords in Europe in the middle ages. The government has succeeded in breaking up the system, which is hostile to its own interests, except in a few instances like this of Semen.

A few years ago one or two of the natives of Semen learned something of the gospel from the Protestants of Ordoo. They carried the seed back to their mountain village, and now, as fruit, we see some twenty Protestant families.

From Semen we aimed to strike the coast at Kerasoon, a city of some 10,000 inhabitants, lying between Ordoo and Trebizond. We were two days on the way, travelling much of the way over an unfinished carriage-road designed to reach Kärä Hissar and ultimately to extend on to Sivas. None of these finely planned roads ever came to completion except the one between Trebizond and Erzroom, which was of the highest importance to the government for military purposes.

Kerasoon is beautifully situated on a little bay which affords a good anchorage for the largest shipping. A spur of the mountains terminates in a high rock just at the margin of the sea, and divides the town into two parts. On this rock are the ruins of an ancient fort. A lighthouse of modern structure surmounts this rock and guides the mariner safely to the harbor. Since the day of lighthouses, shipwrecks, that were formerly so frequent, have become very rare.

The traffic of these coast towns is very considerable. From Ordoo steamers fill up with Indian corn, beans, English walnuts and hazel-nuts. From Kerasoon hazel-nuts constitute the bulk of all exports. The hillsides in every direction are covered with hazel-nut orchards, and during the harvest season the steamers stand for hours lowering the great bags of nuts into their holds.

Of the population of Kerasoon, about one-half, or 5,000, are Turks, 4,000 are Greeks and 1,000 Armenians. For a

long time we had desired to locate a helper there, and at last were able to do so by arranging for the Semen preacher to spend his winters in Kerasoon and his summers in Semen.

When the Greeks of Kerasoon heard that "the man who had turned Semen Protestant" had come among them, they attempted to drive him away by stoning his house and insulting him in every possible way. At last he was obliged to appeal to the governor for protection, in his petition calling himself the Protestant preacher. The Greeks challenged him to prove that he was the Protestant preacher, and the governor, willing to do them a favor, took him and his family from his house, and obliged them to live in a miserable khan until he could produce satisfactory evidence of his being what he claimed to be. A certificate to that effect which reached him from Erzroom, and an order for his release sent from Sivas, the petty governor refused to notice. Finally he was obliged to obey when an order reached him, with a sharp rebuke, from Constantinople. The preacher was restored to his own hired house and for a long time preached the word to hundreds of Greeks and Armenians, who received it gladly. Only our extreme distance at Erzroom, and the great difficulty of securing a full supply of good helpers, prevented the continuous prosecution of the work in this place.

Completing all arrangements in Kerasoon I took passage in the French steamer for Trebizond. As I should be but eight hours on the way, and that in the daytime, I resolved to try the deck, thus saving more than half the passage money. On board the steamer I found the *Tartar*, or messenger of the English government, on his way to Erzroom. Once a month these messengers take mail-bags from Con-

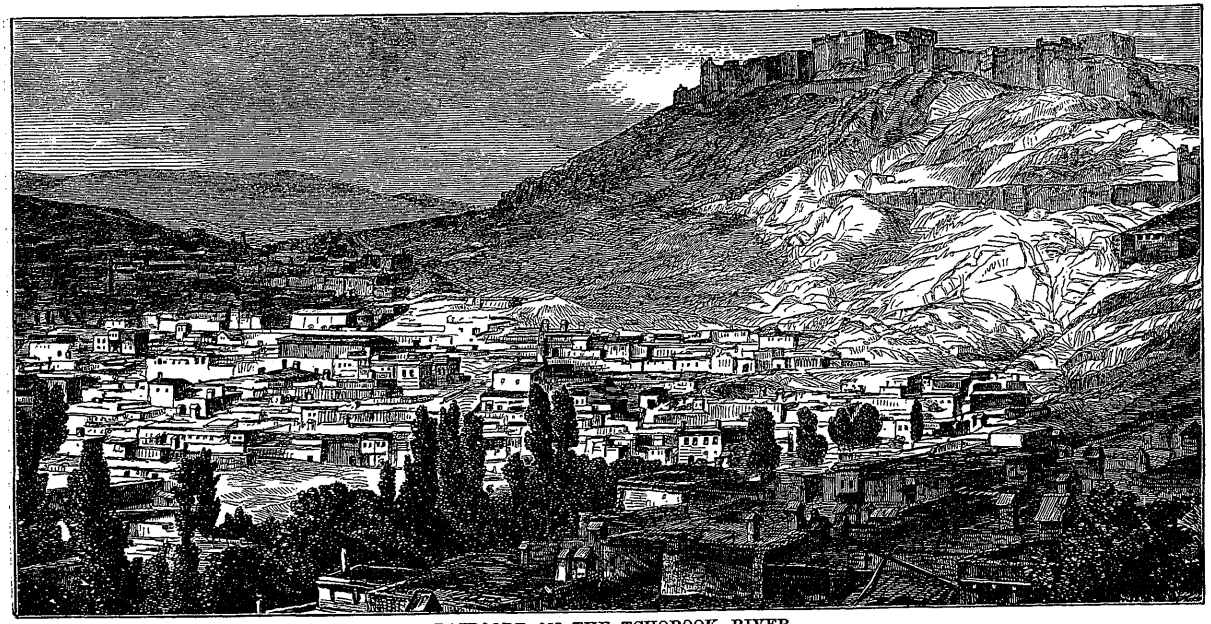
stantinople to Tehrän in Persia. In those days they passed through Erzroom, but now they pass through Russia.

The Tartar Hässän recognized me, as we had often met, and when he learned that I was on my way to Erzroom, he invited me to accompany him. I hesitated, as I feared my strength might fail under the rapid travelling of post horses, which I had never tried. But Hässän promised to moderate his speed to suit my convenience, and I consented to start out with him.

We reached Trebizond Thursday at sunset. Preparations were hastily made that evening, and after a few hours of broken sleep we were up and on our way. If I were to go alone by post horses I should need to pay for the horse ridden by the *soorigee*, or driver, but going with Hässän, one driver was sufficient for the party and I paid only for the horse I rode. I was obliged to leave all my travelling furniture to be sent afterwards, taking only my saddle-bags.

The mail-bags are fastened securely to the pack-saddles of the loaded horses, each horse carrying about one hundred and fifty pounds burden. Each horse in line is hitched to the tail or saddle of the horse next forward; the halter of the forward horse being held by the *soorigee*. When moving rapidly, the Tartar falls behind these loaded horses so as to keep them well up. The driver is changed with the horses, while the Tartar goes all the way through. This is the manner our post reaches us each week.

The first stage of sixteen miles was made slowly, for Hässän, in his nearly thirty years' experience, had learned that only a moderation in the beginning would ensure success in the end. While our horses were being changed, we took a cup of tea and ate a light breakfast. The second stage took us twelve miles up the face of the Zigänä moun-



BAIBOORT ON THE TCHOROOK RIVER.

Ruins of ancient Armenian Castle.

tain, and changing horses again we crossed the summit and descended into the valley below. The mountain travel had been slow and fatiguing and it was now evening, but we could not stop until we had made our fourth stage, reaching Gumish Khaneh, sixty-three miles distant from Trebizond, at about ten o'clock in the evening.

Here we lay down to sleep. Hässän slept soundly and awoke refreshed, but the violent shaking I had received had so excited my nerves that I got scarcely a wink of sleep. Long before light of the second day we were again on the way, travelling rapidly up the Gumish Khaneh valley. Once my horse stumbled and I fell over his head, but providentially without injury. At noon we reached Baiboort, having travelled forty-two miles. There we rested and ordered a dish of *cabob*, or roasted bits of mutton. I was hungry and ate heartily, which I afterwards regretted, finding Hässän's advice to eat little, but to rely largely on tea, to be dictated by experience. It was Ramazan, when all faithful Turks neither eat, nor drink, nor smoke, nor smell [!] between sunrise and sunset. But Hässän, as a traveller, was exempt from the rules of the fast, so he ate at any time. We met an invalid Turk who was trying to keep the fast, and Hässän joined me in attempting to persuade him to eat, though without success.

From Baiboort we passed rapidly up the valley of the Tchōrook, and changing horses at the foot of the Kope mountain, we crossed, reaching the opposite foot just at sunset. Our day's travel was now seventy-two miles, and we had reached the place where Hässän was planning to spend the night. I was thoroughly exhausted and glad to stop, but Hässän began to agitate the question of going on another stage. At first I declined to go on, but after taking

some refreshment and resting, I consented to go on, provided he would give me an easy horse, as my last horse had been a very hard one. He agreed to this and we started. I discovered, however, that I was mounted on a limping, stiff-gaited nag. I told Hässän I could not go on, whereupon he reluctantly changed horses with me, and I found he had been attempting to appropriate to himself the best horse of the company. The night was dark, but still the party dashed on at a mad pace, and with my easy horse I comfortably finished eighty-eight miles for the day's travel.

That night we lay for a few hours on a mat near the heels of our horses, as there were fewer fleas there than in the cushions of the *ōdah*, and long before light we were rapidly passing our last stage. Just at dawn we entered Erzroom, having been only fifty-two consecutive hours making a journey of a hundred and seventy-one miles, which ordinarily requires from six to ten days. How little do people, moving rapidly and comfortably in railway cars, realize what a weariness and struggle is journeying with animals only!

CHAPTER XIV.

TURKISH HISTORY.

IT is a common error to suppose that all natives of Turkey are Turks. In our own country foreigners from all lands easily blend together, and in a few generations become thoroughly American in language and national feeling, almost forgetting their foreign origin. In Turkey it is far otherwise. There are no public schools to bring education to every child, and to make one language universal. No common suffrage instills and cultivates the patriotic feeling. The races do not intermarry. Those of different nationalities and religions live side by side, generation after generation and century after century, each race maintaining its own religion, language, dress and customs distinct from the others.

Of all these races the Turkish is the most modern. In the vicinity of Ararat were the Armenians, who trace their origin to Haig, son of Togarmah, mentioned as the grandson of Japheth, in Gen. 10 : 3. Until the invasion of the Turks the Armenians maintained a dynasty of their own, and held substantially the same territory for three thousand years.

In Assyria and Mesopotamia were the great empires of Nineveh and Babylon. The Chaldeans and Assyrians of the present day are remnants of the people of those empires. The Koords were the Carduchi of Xenophon's time.

In Asia Minor and along the shores of the Mediterranean and Black Seas were the Greeks, descendants of colonists that went out from Greece centuries before Christ. Through them and the sway of the Roman empire, the Greek language became the most universal of all languages. With



HAIG, THE FOUNDER OF THE ARMENIAN RACE.

that language Paul could travel and preach Christ from Jerusalem to the limits of the known world.

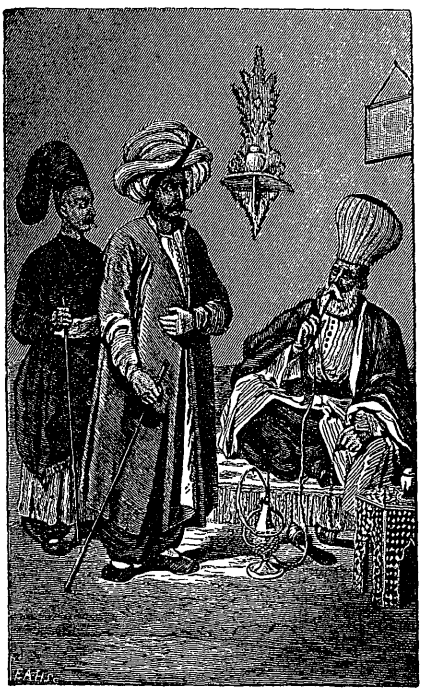
Before A. D. 330 Constantinople was called Byzantium. At that time it received its present name from Constantine, the first Christian Roman emperor. For more than eleven

hundred years it continued the capital of the Roman empire in the east, sometimes called the Greek or Byzantine empire, which, at times, extended to the Persian border.

The first appearance of Turks in what is now known as Turkey was in the eleventh century, when Alp Arslan, the "valiant lion" of the Seljookian Turks, in 1065 conquered Armenia and established a dynasty in Asia Minor which continued for two centuries. About 1250 a company of four hundred and forty-four Turkish horsemen, under the leadership of Ertoghrool, entered Armenia from the east, and passing on westward, received a warm welcome from Aladdin, the Seljookian sultan then reigning at Konieh, the ancient Iconium. Ertoghrool conquered much territory, over which he ruled, and was succeeded by his son Othmän. When Aladdin died in 1307 Othmän assumed the supreme power and became the founder of the present dynasty of Turkish sultans. From him the Turks are called Ottoman Turks, and they call themselves Osmänli.

Many legends of Othmän are repeated among the Turks. They tell of his great size, of his long arms, of his black hair and eyebrows, of his sparkling black eyes, his beautiful countenance and great prowess. A pleasant romance is told of his securing, one can hardly say wooing, a wife. Once or twice during his frequent visits at the house of a distinguished sheik, Edebäli by name, he had caught glimpses of Mälkhätoon, the sheik's fair daughter. Her beauty so entranced him that he immediately applied to her father for her hand in marriage, but the sheik refused to give her to one then so much below his own rank. For two years he bewailed his ill success. Again he was spending a night at the house of Edebäli, who could not deny hospitality to a rejected suitor. At night he dreamed that the full moon,

emblem of the fair Mälkhätoon, rose out of the bosom of Edebäli and disappeared in his own bosom. Thence sprang forth a goodly tree which grew in beauty and in strength until its boughs canopied the extreme horizon of the world. Under the tree stood four mountains, and from its roots



ANCIENT TURKISH COSTUMES.

gushed four rivers—the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube and the Nile. Tall ships and barks innumerable were on the waters; the fields were heavy with harvests; the mountain sides were clothed with forests; in the valleys stately cities glittered with domes and cupolas, with pyramids and

obelisks, with minarets and towers. The crescent shone on their summits; from their galleries sounded the muezzin's call to prayer; that sound was mingled with the sweet voices of a thousand nightingales, and with the prattling of countless parrots of every hue. The winged multitude warbled and flitted round the interlacing branches of the tree, whose every leaf was in shape like a scimitar. Suddenly a mighty wind turned the points of the sword-leaves towards the various cities of the world, but especially towards Constantinople. That city, placed at the junction of two seas and two continents, seemed like a diamond set between two sapphires and two emeralds, to form the most precious stone in a ring of universal empire. Othmän thought he was in the act of placing that ring on his finger when he awoke. Edebäli, when he heard this dream, regarded it as clearly presaging honor and power and glory to the posterity of Othmän and Mälkhätoon, and he no longer opposed their union.

Whether Othmän ever had such a dream or not, it is a very beautiful, emblematic description of the growth and magnificence of the Ottoman empire. The word "Othmän" means "bonebreaker," which will indicate the character of both the Seljookian and Ottoman Turks, and the terrible devastation and destruction of life which they caused. In 1326 Broosa fell into Othmän's hands, and for more than a century was the capital of the Ottoman empire. During this period the Turkish conquests extended far into Europe. Constantinople became almost wholly isolated, and was frequently besieged, but held out until 1453, when, after an obstinate defense under the Greek emperor, Constantine XI., it fell into the hands of the Turks under Mahomet II. From that time to the present Constantinople has remained the capital of the Ottoman power.

These Turkish conquerors were Moslems in religion, and, while they were eager to establish their secular power, they were also careful to propagate the faith of Islam. As many as possible of the conquered nations were proselyted to the Mohammedan religion; others could retain their own religion only by submitting to burdensome exactions from their conquerors. Mohammedanism became the state religion. Many Christian churches in Constantinople and other cities were either destroyed or made into mosques. In 1517 Sultan Selim I. conquered Egypt, where resided the caliph or successor of the prophet Mohammed, and induced him solemnly to transfer the caliphate to himself and his successors. Selim also took possession of the visible insignia of that high office, the sacred standards, the sword and the mantle of the prophet. This sacred office still remains in the house of Othmän.

The will of the sultan is the supreme law, subject only to the laws of the Koran. The government was organized by Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, by establishing a council of state, called the divan, presided over by the grand vizier. The provinces were governed by beys, who in time of war were obliged to rally under the banner of the sultan. From this their districts were called *sändjäks*, or "banners." The term pasha was first used as a title of honor, and has now come practically to mean "governor."

The most distinguished sultan of later times was Mahmood II., who reigned from 1808 to 1839. He was a great reformer. Many laws and regulations, in the hands of unscrupulous rulers, had become very burdensome to the people. The provincial governors were able to execute the penalty of death. But as the property of executed criminals was confiscated to the state, there was a strong

motive for mercenary governors to proceed against many innocent persons, especially if they were rich. Mahmood abolished this law of confiscation and took from the provincial pashas the power of life and death. One of the most resolute acts of Mahmood's reign was his suppression of the derebergs, the hereditary local chiefs, who had made themselves petty princes in every province of the empire. This was not accomplished without a severe struggle and numerous insurrections.

The destruction of the Janissaries was another important act of the reign of Mahmood. As early as 1330 the custom began of training for soldiers the small sons of Christians taken captive in war. Afterwards every Christian family was compelled to furnish one son in five (at times the requirement was one every five years) to enter this military body. This was a cruel blood-tax, resting heavily on the Christian population. At last the children of the Janissaries themselves were admitted into their ranks, which made them a hereditary military order. They were the bodyguard of the sovereign, and fought bravely, winning the day on many hard-contested fields. But they grew arrogant and rebellious, and were often the cause of the fall of one sultan and the rise of another. Mahmood saw that, if his power was to be maintained, the Janissaries must be destroyed. For years he was preparing a body of troops on whom he could rely, especially perfecting the artillery, against which he knew the Janissaries could not stand. When all was ready, Mahmood ordered the Janissaries to be scattered among the other soldiers. To this they refused to submit, and going to the sultan's palace demanded the head of the minister that proposed the order. The sultan unfurled the sacred banner of the prophet and called

on all that were loyal to him to rally around it. The soldiers and the people responded and the Janissaries were mown down with artillery. Some four thousand perished on that day in July, 1826, and thousands afterwards in other parts of the country. Thus ended this institution after nearly five centuries of existence.

Mahmood also remedied many other abuses, and was, on the whole, an able and useful sovereign, though guilty of many atrocities. During his reign Greece, aided by Russia and other European powers, gained her independence.

In 1839 Mahmood was succeeded by his son, Abd-ul-Medjid. During his reign, which continued until 1861, occurred the Crimean war with Russia, in which Turkey was aided by England, France and Italy. There were high hopes in those days of a reform of Turkish administration. Money was freely loaned to the Turkish government, which was to be used in building roads and in other internal improvements. But Abd-ul-Medjid was feeble in body and lacking in energy, and died without realizing the hopes expressed for him.

He was followed by his brother, Abd-ul-Aziz, "Servant of the Holy," the succession by Mohammedan law being to the next oldest male member of the royal family, whether brother or nephew or son of the deceased sovereign. He was a man of gross tastes, vain, and very extravagant. He sat for his photograph, a thing no other sultan ever did, as there is a religious prejudice among Mohammedans against pictures. He made a pompous and very expensive visit to Paris and London in 1867, a thing entirely without precedent. He borrowed large sums of money, on the plea of using it in the work of reform, but in reality it was used to purchase his pet iron-clad naval vessels, to build im-

mense and costly palaces, which stood empty all the year round. Swarms of women filled his harem, the hot-bed of plottings and intrigue of every kind. His ministers were obliged to meet his demands for money with which to gratify his extravagant notions, or be hurled summarily from office. This necessity compelled them to favor those applicants for office who were able to pay the largest sums of money. These men, in turn, when they had entered upon their offices felt obliged to reimburse themselves as rapidly as possible by exactions from the people. In this way the gravest abuses crept into the administration of the provinces, for which the sultan cared nothing, so long as his wishes were met. The soldiers and civil servants of the government went for many months without their pay, while the taxes were collected with the utmost rigor from the long-suffering people. Every device was resorted to by the sultan's ministers to pay interest on the public debt, and to raise money by further loans. And all because a reckless and headstrong sovereign seemed determined to drive the government to destruction. At last, in the autumn of 1875, it was decreed that only one-half the interest on the public debt would be paid until such time as the government should be relieved of its troubles. This partial repudiation utterly broke down Turkish credit, and as all hope of further loans was cut off, the Turks have to this day made no attempt to pay either principal or interest of their debts. In a certain sense Turkey is bankrupt, yet, as no one can collect a debt of a government, she has no fear of her creditors; her crown-jewels are worth hundreds of millions, and her income from taxing the people is still very great.

Meanwhile discontent among the people became uni-

versal. In Asiatic Turkey, where the Turks are far in the majority, the Christian population bore their sufferings with the same patience they have shown since Turkish rule began. But in European Turkey, where the Christians three or four times outnumber the Turks, disturbances began. In July, 1875, the Herzegovinians and Bosnians, on the western frontier of European Turkey, rose in revolt. They were aided by the Montenegrins, who had their own prince, though tributary to Turkey.

The Bulgarians also showed great discontent, and the work of quelling insurrection among them was committed chiefly to the Turkish irregular soldiers, called *bäshi-bozooks*, or "spoiled-heads," who, rude and undisciplined, committed great excesses. One of the worst of these was at Batak, where hundreds of the people, chiefly women and children, took refuge in the church, hoping the soldiers would respect its sanctity. But nothing checked them; many were dragged forth and murdered, and finally the church was fired and all perished in the flames. In atrocities like this, it is estimated that not less than twelve thousand perished.

These Bulgarian atrocities excited great indignation in Europe, and the Turkish government was obliged to disavow all responsibility for them, and when Lord Derby, the English foreign minister, demanded officially that their authors be punished, and named two that seemed specially guilty, one of whom was Shevket Pasha, the commander at Batak, the sultan was obliged to make a show of heeding the demand. But when, a little later, all Europe saw Shevket Pasha promoted to a high command in the army, it was plain the government was well pleased with his services at Batak.

The country was on the verge of ruin, and it became evident to all that there was no remedy except in a change of rulers. Bloody revolutions had often effected this in past centuries, but the genius of the nineteenth century called for a peaceful change, if possible. With great care and skill the Turkish ministers made all arrangements for deposing Abd-ul-Aziz and placing his nephew, Moorad, son of Abd-ul-Medjid, on the throne. The Sheik-ul-Islam, the one appointed to interpret the sacred law, declared it legal to take the proposed step. On the night of May 29, 1876, Moorad was called and invested with regal authority, and immediately required to sign a decree declaring himself sultan and ordering the arrest of Aziz. This order was entrusted to Hosein Avni Pasha, minister of war, whose arrangements for executing it had already been made. In a very short time the sultan's palace was surrounded with soldiers, and the bold Hosein entered the palace on his perilous mission. The guards at the doors were disposed to prevent his disturbing the padishah at such an unreasonable hour. But as he insisted that he must see the sultan, they could not keep back one of his well-known position. Getting access to him he read the order in his hand. The petted and pampered sovereign, never having known restraint, fell into a great rage, would not believe the order and refused to submit. In reply to all this the minister quietly pointed him to the soldiers drawn up before the palace. A glance revealed the situation and the sovereign, before whom the highest minister would scarcely have dared to express a wish, became a prisoner, compelled to obey one of his own servants.

All was accomplished without shedding a drop of blood, but a few days later the poor fallen Aziz was found dead

in his room, having apparently committed suicide by opening the veins of his arm with a pair of scissors. Afterward, however, several officials, Midhat Pasha being among the number, were convicted of causing his murder.

On the evening of June 15, while the ministers were in session, a Circassian major in the army, said to be a brother of one of the inmates of the deceased sultan's harem, entered their room and with a revolver killed Hosein Avni Pasha and the minister of foreign affairs, and wounded two others. A few days later the body of the executed major hung in a public mosque yard from early morn till evening.

Moorad did not prove equal to the task of ruling at such a troublous time; he was deposed the following August and his next younger brother, Abd-ul-Hamid, "servant of the glorious," was led to the throne.

The education of an Ottoman prince does not usually fit him well for the cares of state. He may learn something from books, and may gain some knowledge from the limited circle of acquaintances in which he moves. But he never travels over the territory which he is expected to rule, nor visits other lands. In no way can he gain experience in practical life. Hamid had indeed seen something of the world, having accompanied his uncle Aziz in 1867 to Paris and London. But this was exceptional, for Aziz would doubtless have left him behind, as he did Moorad, if he had thought of his ever coming to the throne.

The position to which Hamid was called was sufficiently trying for an experienced statesman, but for an inexperienced and untried young man of thirty the prospect was little less than appalling. And the worst difficulty was to know whom to trust. He had seen two sultans deposed within a few months, and he would naturally reflect when,

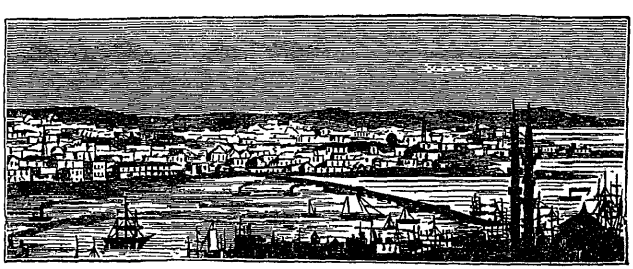
and in what manner, the blow would fall on his head. He must watch closely his ministers, playing them off against each other, breaking up intimacies, and allowing no one to remain long in office; and this while insurrection was rife in the land and there were rumblings of a foreign war. To complicate the situation still more, Servia seized the opportunity to declare war against Turkey in the hope of freeing herself from Turkish rule. In this she was disappointed, for the Turks overwhelmed her with their superior forces, and she was saved from annihilation only by the intervention of foreign powers. The new sultan made Midhat Pasha, a man who had long been known as a remarkably progressive Turk, his vizier or prime minister. Wherever he had acted as governor he had instituted reforms and had thus gained a high reputation. As vizier he began by proposing a constitutional government for Turkey. A liberal constitution was formed, which provided for a parliament with representatives from all the provinces.

The idea of representation had entered into the various provincial governments. Each religious community is permitted to name one member of each of the local councils. But as in each council a majority, generally four out of seven, always consists of Mohammedans, the power can never pass from their hands. And the Christian members of these councils are usually men who secured the place by intrigue and who use it for their own mercenary purposes; therefore the privilege of representation is of little use to the people. Midhat proposed a grand assembly for the whole land, but it is probable his only purpose was to convey the impression to other governments that Turkey was in a fair way to reform itself. This assembly met only twice, and although the mode of election of its members was carefully

guarded so that men of radical tendencies might be excluded, still there was in these two sessions so much exposure of abuses that the sultan never ventured to call a third session.

But the great powers of Europe were not satisfied without further guarantees. Hence the council of Constantinople was called and met in 1876. The foreign representatives, among whom Lord Salisbury of the English cabinet was especially active, strove hard to induce the Turkish government to make pledges of reform. Midhat met their arguments with the reply that other governments had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey, while no further evidence of a determination to reform was needed than the constitution lately promulgated. So firmly was this position held by the Turkish government that the council dispersed without accomplishing anything.

The obstinacy of the Turks gave Russia the opportunity she desired. Russian emissaries had secretly fomented rebellion in the Turkish provinces, Russian soldiers had volunteered against Turkey in the Servian war, and now a plausible excuse was presented for entering upon a war in which Russia hoped to realize her dream of holding Constantinople, and extending her borders to the Mediterranean. As soon, therefore, as war operations were practicable in the spring of 1877 Russia declared war against Turkey.



CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE WING.

IN all wars with Russia, Erzroom and Kärs, on the eastern border of Turkey, have been most important strategic points. In the war of 1828–30 Erzroom was captured, and for two years held by the Russians. In the Crimean war of 1853–5 Kärs was captured, and the Russian army came within a few miles of Erzroom.

During the winter of 1876 and 1877 war preparations were very actively carried on. Battalions of soldiers and batteries of artillery were constantly moving past our door, some to go to other points, others to be located in Erzroom. Heavy drafts were made on the Turkish population to fill the ranks, and the military taxes demanded of the Christians, who are not allowed to serve as soldiers, were two and three times as great as formerly. Besides, the soldiers, in moving from place to place, compelled the villagers to feed them, and if their demands were not instantly complied with, flogged the helpless people most unmercifully. The wail of these poor villagers was constantly falling on our ears.

At the same time with the declaration of war on April 24, the Russian army crossed the frontier. It seemed probable that before July Erzroom would be under siege. Our mission circle consisted of sixteen souls, thirteen of whom were women and children. The question was

whether all should remain in Erzroom, or the families be removed beyond the vicissitudes of war. It seemed best to adopt the latter course, rather than risk being shut up in a siege in midsummer, even though some of our ladies were very reluctant to leave our post at such a critical moment. It was arranged to remove to Trebizond, where the families should remain while the gentlemen alternated in holding Erzroom.

We took only enough household furniture to supply our barest necessities. Mr. Cole accompanied his own and Mr. Pierce's families, taking the station wagon, while Mr. Pierce was to remain in Erzroom, though accompanying the party as far as Baiboort. We were detained some days by the sickness of our Birdie.

We engaged a *paitōn* (so the natives pronounce the word "phaeton") in which to ride. This was a spring wagon resembling an omnibus, and drawn by three horses. In this our family of six, besides the driver, rode very comfortably. Our baggage was loaded into a *foorgoon*, or Russian wagon of curious structure. The wheels are small and clumsy. The sides of the body, which is set directly on the axletrees without springs, rise high, and flare out so much that the upper edge needs to be supported by sticks that rest on the axletree, between the outer end of the hub and the linchpin. Over the top pass semi-circular ribs, on which is thrown canvas to afford protection from sun, rain and cold. To this wagon are attached four horses abreast. The two inner horses are hitched in the usual way, and are driven with two reins as in America. The outer horses are attached to the ends of two long poles that pass obliquely backward between the front and hind wheels, and are fastened to the hind axletree directly under the wagon body.

The driver holds a rein, attached to the outer side of the bits of each of these horses, the heads of the outer and inner horses being fastened together by a short strap. Whenever the reins are tightened the effect is to send the outer horses to the right and left as far as the reins fastening them to the inner horses will permit. However, the arrangement of four abreast is a good one, as the horses are always near, and they require more road than the wagon, so there is no danger of running off high embankments.

Sometimes we make journeys in the *foorgoon* ourselves, in which case we first put in our trunks and boxes at the bottom. We then fill the chinks with folded bedsteads and other road furniture. Over all we spread mattresses, cushions and carpets, on which, sitting with folded legs, we can be semi-comfortable. Our basket of lunch needs to be firmly lashed to one of the ribs of the wagon top, or a jolt will upset it. In sitting, care must be exercised that one's head does not come within several inches of one of these ribs; otherwise caution would be learned at the cost of a violent whack. The rate of speed is from two to three miles an hour, the balance of a rapid rate being made up by the perpendicular motion the jolts give us. Once the roads were so good that jolts were the exception; now they occur about one to each yard of distance. Any enterprising school-boy or girl can estimate how many jolts that would be for one hundred and seventy-one miles, and how much perpendicular motion it would be at six inches to the jolt, the only estimate by our sore muscles, which seem so many that we can hardly guess what they were all made for. On this occasion we travelled more comfortably in the *paitōn*.

We met many regiments of soldiers on their way to the

seat of war, and were usually treated respectfully by them. On one occasion, in the evening, some rude *bashibozooks* attempted to invade our room. I immediately informed the local governor of the district, who sent a guard that protected us with great zeal. We also met great numbers of cannon moving towards Erzroom. Seventy were standing together along the roadside at one place. The heavy guns were drawn by men impressed from the neighboring villages. Sometimes we saw two hundred men pulling at one cannon. Why men were better than oxen did not appear, unless they could be obtained easier and cheaper, since they worked for nothing and furnished their own bread! These people were mostly Greeks, and, learning that we were Christians, they appealed to us to do something to relieve them, but we had no power.

On the road we passed an old silver mine. Companies of foreign capitalists have paid large sums for permission to work mines in Turkey, but as soon as they began to realize an income from their expenditure the government has harassed them with such annoying and oppressive exactions that they have been obliged to give up their work. Thus mines of copper, silver, lead and coal remain undeveloped because the government stands in the way.

The same is true of manufactures. Until quite recently foreigners were not allowed to hold real estate in Turkey. Now they can do so, but both foreigners and natives have so little confidence in the government that they do not venture to invest capital in any large manufacturing enterprise.

The grading of the new road was done with great skill. It must pass two principal summits, the Kope mountain, between Erzroom and Baiboort, and the wooded

Zigana, along the coast. In ascending these the engineers have followed mountain streams as far as possible, but the final ascent, in both cases, is made by curious windings along the brow of some ridge, or around the face of a conical peak or by an elaborate system of zig-zags, so that six or eight miles are travelled to advance one mile. The view is grand and picturesque, indeed, when, from the lofty height of the uppermost grade, one watches the wagons and caravans moving in apparently opposite directions yet really toiling slowly up the mountain. Deep snows fall in winter in these mountains, that rise to the height of eight or ten thousand feet, and for five or six months each year the road is impassable for wagons.

From the summit of Zigana to Trebizond, a distance of thirty-six miles, the descent is very rapid. Eight days of journeying from Erzroom brought us to this beautiful city by the sea. Even to one who had just left the green shores, the grandly solemn cypresses and the graceful minarets of Constantinople, and who has passed along the picturesque southern coast of the Black Sea, Trebizond seems surpassingly lovely. Its neat white houses, with red tiled roofs embowered in gardens of deep and brilliant green, its background of mossy and craggy rock, its ravines lined with ancient ivy-clad walls, its flagstaffs, its minarets and churches, its light-house, and the shipping lying at anchor in its harbor, all combine to make it a scene scarcely equalled in any part of the world. When approached from the interior the scene cannot be so striking, because it cannot be taken in at a glance as from the deck of a steamer, but the impression is perhaps more profound because of the agreeable contrast. The dull brown of the interior mountains is exchanged for the bright green of the coast. The

cold climate of the high Erzroom altitude, where only hardy cereals can grow, is exchanged for the mild though moist climate of Trebizond, where roses bloom in the outer air every month of the year, and the fig and pomegranate, the lemon and olive trees are seen on every hand. Here winters often pass without a flurry of snow. Forests clothe the mountain tops; the valleys and mountain sides are bedecked with corn-fields and charming little farm houses nestling in the midst of groves. Coming from the interior to Trebizond is like entering Paradise from earthly regions. And yet one misses the pleasant brilliancy of the mountain air. An Erzroom woman, who had become very homesick at Trebizond, on first reaching the bright, inspiriting atmosphere of her mountain home, began to breathe freer and to thank God that she was delivered from the "dark, dark recesses of Trebizond."

With the aid of our Trebizond friends, we were soon able to procure a house large enough for our three families, living in picnic fashion, which our lack of furniture compelled us to do. Mr. Cole returned to Erzroom, and I remained with the families.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE IN TREBIZOND.

TREBIZOND is the ancient Trapezus of the Greeks. At this point Xenophon with his "ten thousand" reached the sea-coast on his retreat from Persia, 400 B. C. Here the soldiers ate the intoxicating honey, which is still met with, and is supposed to be made from the blossom of the azalea. There are high walls enclosing the ancient city and the remains of a mole built by the Roman emperor Trajan, who conquered Armenia in the early part of the second Christian century. In 1204 Trebizond became the capital of an empire established by the Italian house of Comnenus, which had furnished several emperors for the throne of the Byzantine empire. This empire continued until 1461, eight years after the fall of Constantinople, when, being overcome by the army of the conqueror Mahomet II., David Comnenus and all his family were slain, the house became extinct, and the rule of the Ottomans was complete from the Danube to the Persian border.

The present city extends far beyond the ancient walls, and has a population of some 40,000, of whom 30,000 are Turks, 7,000 Greeks, and 3,000 Armenians.

Trebizond was occupied by missionaries in 1835, earlier than any other city in Eastern Turkey, efforts being directed chiefly to the Armenians. Thence missionaries made

exploring expeditions into the interior, visiting Erzroom, Sivas, Marsovan and other places, since well known as mission stations. In those early days the city and region were moved to their foundations with the so-called "new" doctrine. Persecution burst on the heads of the converts. The ecclesiastics of the old church were able to enlist the civil power against the rising sect. The brethren were imprisoned; they sat in the stocks; they were sent to Constantinople under accusation, as Paul was sent to Rome. Every effort was made to damage their business; burial was even refused to their dead. But the "blood of the martyrs proved the seed of the church." The community increased in numbers; a church was organized, one of the first in all Turkey; a pastor was settled, and, after a little more than twenty years' occupation, the work was passed over to the native agency with such missionary oversight as could be rendered from Constantinople or Erzroom.

The people were poor and had suffered great losses through persecution; they were not, therefore, asked to assume any considerable share of the support of their pastor. It was hoped, however, that they would contribute more and more as time moved on. But experience has shown that it is as important to supervise and guide a work that is well started as to open new places. After the persecutions, with peace and quiet came the opportunity for internal dissension, which imperfectly educated communities, endowed with new liberties, are apt to fall into. Dissatisfaction arose towards the pastor. A quiet change, such as is easily possible in the United States, might have remedied all. But with the few churches and pastors in our field, and the great difference in habits prevailing in different cities, it is very difficult to effect changes.



TREBIZOND, ON THE BLACK SEA.

The interest among Greeks is, however, becoming greater and greater. Already at Ordoo, Semen, Uniep and other places there has been a profound movement among them. The Greek population, easily accessible from Trebizond, numbers not far from a hundred and fifty thousand souls. These, with fifty thousand Armenians, and enough Mohammedans to make three-quarters of a million, constitute a sufficiently extensive parish for two or more missionaries.

The summers at Trebizond do not indicate greater heat than at Erzroom, but the nights are always cool in Erzroom, while in Trebizond they are often hotter than the days. The climate is, therefore, debilitating and many of the people of the city are accustomed to spend a few months each year in the near mountains. We felt obliged to adopt this course, especially as the climate was new to us and we feared its effects on our company of nine little ones. We therefore engaged rooms in a village house some five miles away and a thousand feet above the sea-level. Glimpses down through the lovely gorges with the sea beyond were delightful indeed. Nor did the moisture seem injurious to health. Our children never seemed healthier than while breathing this air. Consumption is a common disease of this region, but fevers are rare.

The last of July Mr. Cole returned from Erzroom and it fell to my lot to take his place there. Although the war was raging fiercely on the frontier, nothing was seen of it at Trebizond save the forwarding of cannon, rifles, kegs of powder and shells. Carts, *foorgoons* and caravan horses were constantly moving forward loaded with these. Too little attention was paid to clothing for the brave soldiers, and autumn found them ragged and shoeless.

Freight was paid at a fixed rate, about one-half that charged to merchants, and all were compelled to load up in part with government supplies. The money used was the *caimeh*, or paper issue, of which a supply could be furnished as fast as the presses could hurry on the printing. For a time this paper was nearly as good as coin, since the government took it for taxes and in payment of all dues. But little by little it depreciated until six or eight piastres in paper were worth only one in coin. As the war was then over, the government had no further use for the paper, and therefore began to discard it. It became practically worthless, and the millions that were issued proved an entire loss to the people. The merchants were careful to change their paper into gold every day, and so lost little. But the faithful Moslems who believed in the successor of the prophet laid by great quantities of *caimeh*, and in the end were ruined. This wealth has been blotted out and the country is left so much the poorer.

Reaching Erzroom, I found that my associate, Mr. Pierce, had given shelter to several English physicians acting as surgeons in the Turkish hospitals, and also to Captain Norman, the correspondent of the *London Times*. A few weeks later the duties of host and housekeeper fell on me, when Mr. Scott and his family and Dr. Raynolds came on from Van. It was a great pleasure to provide for my family of ten; war and famine had not yet pressed heavily on the city, and supplies could be procured without difficulty.

The Kärs column was commanded by an Armenian, General Melikoff, a name Russianized from Melkōnean, meaning "son-of-Melkon." He attained distinction in the war, and afterward as military commander at St. Peters-

burg held the first position in the empire. The Bāyazid column was commanded by Tergookäsoff, another Armenian, whose name means "son-of-priest-Luke."

General Melikoff, leaving a force in front of Kärs, moved on towards Erzroom with the main body of his army. Moohtar Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces, was then in Kärs, but succeeded in reaching the Soghanli mountain, about half way between Kärs and Erzroom, in advance of Melikoff, and establishing himself at Zivin. The position was most favorable for defence, and the Turkish soldiers were well supplied with Henry-Martini and Winchester repeating-rifles, made in the United States. The Russians, in a most reckless manner, assaulted their works in solid columns under the terrible fire of these rifles at short range. The bravery and discipline of soldiers who would thus march to almost certain death exacts admiration, only equalled by indignation for the stupidity and inhumanity that should order such a useless slaughter of brave men. The Turks were not disturbed in their position, and the Russians were so damaged that they were obliged to retreat.

Tergookäsoff also moved his column from Bāyazid westward, the purpose being evidently to unite the two columns in front of Erzroom. The Turks in the Alashgerd plain fell back, and did not attempt a stand until they reached the Dähär (or Tahir) mountains. There a battle was fought and the Turks were worsted. More careful preparations in the outset would have enabled the column of Tergookäsoff to move on Erzroom in July, after the battle of Dähär. But, being badly damaged in that battle and hearing that a Koordish force from the Van mountains had attacked Bāyazid, Tergookäsoff was obliged to retreat.

Before he could relieve the garrison at Bāyazid, the Koords had forced the Russians to surrender and then had butchered them. They then attacked the town and massacred large numbers, burning and pillaging in every direction. They also besieged the monastery of Euch-Killissi, where numbers had assembled for protection. Fortunately the approach of the Russian column on its retreat saved the monastery and its inmates from the destruction which threatened them. Tergookäsoff was followed closely by the Turks; and the Christians of the Alashagerd plain, not daring to fall into their hands, left their fields, then just ready to harvest, and the greater part of their animals and household goods, and fled with the retreating Russian army. The war was designed ostensibly to alleviate the condition of these Christians; thus far its effect was to make them utterly homeless and helpless wanderers.

The Turks were greatly elated that the Russians had been driven back and their soil almost entirely freed from the enemy. Moohtar Pasha was decorated with the title Ghazi, that is, "conqueror." Besides him only Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, received this decoration during the war.

The hospitals of Erzroom were full of the poor victims of the engagements at Zivin and Dälhär, who had been brought five or six days' journey, on springless ox-carts, over rough roads. Many died by the way and were spared the agony suffered by their comrades who, weary, hungry, thirsty, and writhing with pain, reached their journey's end. The government hospitals were arranged after the European pattern, each inmate having a separate cot, neater and softer than he had ever known before. The surgeons were mostly Europeans, Hungarians, Ger-

mans, Italians and English. But the position of surgeon-in-chief was always in the hands of a faithful Mussulman. No surgical operation could be performed, however small, without his consent, which he was very reluctant to give. Seemingly this reluctance was due to a religious prejudice against mutilating the human form, but a strong suspicion prevailed that the government would as soon let the wounded soldiers die as to become one-armed and one-legged pensioners on its bounty. It is quite noticeable that empty sleeves and wooden legs are very rare in Turkey.

The "Red Cross" society, which did such good service in the war of 1870, sent nurses and surgeons to the battle-fields of Turkey, changing their badge to a "red crescent" out of deference to the religion of the Turks. Lord Blantyre, a well-known English charitable gentleman, established a hospital in Erzroom, supporting it entirely himself. We assisted the English surgeons and others in the relief of the sick and dying, and carried on our specific missionary work as best we could. Our schools were still in operation, though later they were given up. Church worship in Erzroom was never suspended.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE MIDST OF WAR.

OUR arrangements for winter were nearly completed, beyond recall, when the tide of war began to change. Moohtar Pasha had fought bravely and made the most of his means. The soldiers of his army were hardy, obedient and patient. No better material for an army could be found in the world. But the inferior officers were inexperienced, cowardly and mercenary, gladly selling the soldiers' supplies for their own private gain; in battle often running for a place of safety while their men fought it out alone.

The clothing of the soldiers was getting thin and ragged, and the nights on those high plateaus began to be raw and chill in September; the rations were irregular and insufficient; the supplies of ammunition were well-nigh exhausted; sickness and discouragement were prevailing to an alarming extent in the Turkish ranks.

On the other hand, the Russians had been improving the time in bringing up fresh reinforcements and in providing supplies of every kind. When ready, they began their attacks on the Turkish lines of fortification southeastward of Kärs. On the 15th of October they were able to cut Moohtar's army in two, forcing it to fall back in order to save itself from annihilation. Moohtar succeeded in throwing a part of his forces into Kärs and with the remainder

he hastened his retreat towards Erzroom. Word was also sent to Ismail Pasha at Bāyazid to fall back with all haste. It was a close race these columns ran to save themselves from capture by the Russians, who pressed them sorely. A delay of a few hours by either column would have enabled the Russians to destroy them in detail. The two columns finally united in the Päsin plain and entered Erzroom, the enemy following so closely that all stragglers were picked up at once.

The Turkish army when it reached Erzroom was in a terribly demoralized state, but Moohtar Pasha resolved to make another stand. About five miles east of Erzroom the road crosses the Deveh Bōyoon, or "camel's neck," and drops into the Päsin plain. It is a very important strategic position. The heights all around furnish strong natural positions of defense. The Turks had established batteries at all these points, so situated as to concentrate their fire on the plain below, the only way of approach from the east. Here they posted themselves and prepared to resist the attack. Although it seemed madness for the Russians to attack such an apparently impregnable position, on the 4th of November they drew up their lines in battle array. All through that Sunday when our friends were quietly worshipping in our chapel in Erzroom the sound of booming cannon fell on their ears, borne across the hills from the field of blood. Many times the columns of Russian soldiers moved up to the cannon's mouth and were driven back, cut to pieces, leaving the dead and dying in winrows behind. But they persevered until the Turks, though sheltered and having suffered comparatively little, were nearly worn out; and when at one point the ammunition failed, the artillerymen broke and ran before a renewed

assault. Others caught the infection, and soon the Turks, filled with panic, were hurrying towards the city. Many, worn out or wounded, fell exhausted and perished by the roadside. The guards at the gate of the city were ordered to allow none to enter without a pass. The throng increased and grew more eager to enter until the guards fired



KOORDISH SOLDIER.

on them and some were killed. The sons of the English consul were at the battle-field and narrowly escaped harm at the gate. Finally the attempt to hold the gate was abandoned and the rabble filled the streets of the city, finding shelter wherever they could. The night was cold, with a little snow falling, and the suffering was very great. If

the Russians could have followed up their victory that night, the city would have dropped like a ripe apple into their hands. Our houses were in a very exposed situation, near the eastern entrance of the city, and it was an anxious night for our friends; but they were mercifully preserved from any harm.

It speaks well for the peaceable disposition of the Turkish soldiery that very few acts of lawlessness occurred, and in a day or two order was in some measure restored, and plans for defense were formed. Five days after the Deveh Bōyoon fight, an attack was made on one of the outer defenses of Erzroom. Two forts, on two summits of the Tope Dagh, commanded the approach from the east. These must be captured before the city could be taken. The high hill had very precipitous sides, and, when frosty in the early morning, was extremely difficult of ascent. Probably the soldiers of the Turkish garrison felt secure on account of the inaccessibility of their position; for, about four o'clock in the morning of November 9th, they were surprised by a fierce attack of the enemy. Startled and bewildered, the Turks made but a feeble defense, and the fort was soon in the hands of the Russians. The capture was a most brilliant achievement, but the captors, not properly supported, were soon overcome by the Turks, who rallied to the rescue and most inhumanly butchered the brave Russians found in the fort, even mutilating their dead bodies in spite.

This fight was so near the city that much of the cannonading was distinctly in sight, and yet so far away that no citizen was exposed to danger. Though there was much danger from lawless men, Mr. Cole and the English consul went on the battle-field to bind up the wounds of

the fallen. The hospitals were filled to overflowing, and the state of the town was pitiable indeed. The consul was about leaving by order of his government and the missionary party could join his. Our friends hesitated; they began preparations to go, but the poor, suffering people implored them to stay. The struggle of decision was a severe one. Yet our friends, with true Christian courage, resolved to remain. They cast their lives into the balance, striving to know and do God's will whether living or dying.

The Russians captured Kärs after a hard fight on the 18th of November, but unable to take Erzroom by assault, began to draw their lines around it for a protracted siege. They entered the Erzroom plain northeast of the city and could easily be seen passing from village to village across the plain north of the city. At the opening of the new year the investment was complete. For nearly two months all certain communication with the outside world was cut off. By special permission the French consul, who was shut up in the besieged town, was allowed occasionally to send a messenger to Trebizond, and, by the courtesy of the consul, Mr. Cole was able to enclose letters. In a few instances travellers ran the blockade and brought us news of our friends.

The Turkish commanders, with commendable foresight, had provided grain for the soldiers. Rich men had also filled their storehouses in the hope of gain. No doubt the city had a fair supply of food, but hard-faced speculators took advantage of the times to raise prices to a famine grade. The Turkish government, with an ostentation of care for the common people, attempted to fix the price of bread and meat. But sharp-witted men know how to put

money where it will silence government interference, while they regulate prices in their own way. The siege afforded the coveted opportunity to the speculators; prices rose five-fold, and the thousands of poor people, with no provision for winter and without work, were brought to face starvation. Mr. Cole made known their condition, and the friends of humanity in England and America responded most liberally. Large sums were sent by the organization which was under the direction of Mr. Layard, English ambassador. With these sums Mr. Cole was able to organize an elaborate system of relief, in carrying out which he was ably assisted by Miss Nicholson and the Protestant preacher, Mr. Hägöp Tashjean, and the brethren of the Protestant congregation. Committees of visitation examined into the necessities of destitute families and determined the amount of relief that should be granted each one. Twice a week these poor people assembled at the appointed hour at the missionary house and each received an allotted portion of bread.

This systematic relief work was quite a new thing to the people of that region, and they looked on with astonishment. An incident will illustrate the Turkish way of distributing relief. A sum of money was committed to a pasha for the relief of the poor. Calling the destitute to his house at an appointed hour, he stepped out into a balcony and sowed handfuls of small change into the crowd below. This method has at least two advantages: it is very expeditious, and there is no fear of vexatious investigations to determine what became of all the money. The judicious expenditure of five or six thousand dollars by the missionaries produced such results that the people thought ten times that sum had been used.

The success of the Russians in European Turkey had been even more marked than in Armenia. After the fall of Plevna, in December, which Osman Pasha had bravely held for months, the enemy crossed the Balkans and moved on towards Constantinople, the Turks offering little resistance. By the 1st of February the Russians were before the fortifications of Constantinople, and only the threatening attitude of England, which sent its iron-clads into the Marmora, prevented their taking the city. An armistice was arranged, one condition of which was that the Russians should take possession of Erzroom. February 22d the city passed into new hands, and until the following September it was a Russian town.

Sickness spread in Erzroom to an alarming extent, and the mortality was frightful. Two English and two Hungarian physicians were buried in the Protestant cemetery. Miss Nicholson laid down her life, dying in April, 1878. Her missionary career thus lasted less than a year and a half, and a lovely lady, whose zeal was too great for her frail body, was removed from our number. Our little girl, then five years old, prayed: "O Lord! *why* did you take Miss Nicholson? She was such a sweet lady. You wanted nice people up there, didn't you, Lord? If she was *necessary* to you, O Lord! we will give her up; but it is very hard and sad." So it was very "hard and sad," for we had learned to love and esteem her, and to expect great things of her.

The wife of the pastor died, with many others from the Protestant community. Mr. Cole suffered severely from sickness, and the life of Mrs. Cole for some time hung in the balance. Some have estimated that there died during the winter in Erzroom and vicinity ten thousand Russian

and Turkish soldiers, and an equal number of citizens. While the winter lasted graves were dug with extreme difficulty in the frozen ground. Bodies were therefore very imperfectly covered, and had not the Russians, with more regard for health than the Turks possess, carefully re-interred thousands of bodies and disinfected the graves with lime, a pestilence would probably have swept over the town.

In some respects the Russian rule was better than the Turkish. The streets were kept cleaner, and a greater feeling of security prevailed. But the licentiousness and drunkenness of the Russians were sickening. An attractive girl, in however respectable a family, was not safe unless guarded with the greatest vigilance. And as for drink, the entire force of horses and wagons on the road between Trebizond and Erzroom was insufficient to forward the baskets of champagne, casks of whiskey and bottles of brandy required for Russian use.

These were the reformers which the czar, in his great benevolence, had sent to release the people of Turkey from their oppressions, and lead them into the enjoyment of liberty and enlightenment!

In the conference of Berlin, which met in July, 1878, the final issues of the war were arranged. Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were made independent kingdoms with enlarged territory; Bessarabia, that had been taken from Russia after the Crimean war, was now restored to her, and the Dobrudjah was to be given to Roumania. Austria was to occupy Bosnia. Bulgaria, north of the Balkans, was to be made into a principality, independent except in paying a tribute to Turkey. South of the Balkans, for East Roumania the sultan was to name a

Christian governor whose term of office would be five years. Otherwise, after paying tribute to the sultan, the people would be independent. Territory was also to be given Greece. These changes were to be made in European Turkey, while in Armenia the cities of Batoom and Kärs, with a considerable territory, was to be given to Russia. Meanwhile, by a secret treaty with Turkey, signed on the 4th of June, England was to take possession of the island of Cyprus, pledging herself in turn to defend the Turks against further aggressions of Russia.

By these changes a great deal of territory passed out of the hands of the Turks, and the people were emancipated from Turkish rule. To the Armenians the sultan promised immediate reforms. No attempt has been made to carry out this promise. The war made the people a great deal poorer and their condition was in no respect improved. We can work among them the same as before, and the people, out of their deep poverty, are giving with great liberality, but it must be long, unless a new order of things gives them far greater prosperity, before they can attain to anything near a full support of their own religious institutions.

In that part of our field which was brought under Russian rule it is extremely difficult to carry on our work. We desire no change in Turkey unless we can have something better than the Russians will give us.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PROGRESS IN OUR WORK.

AT the close of the war we were again in our home and at work in Erzroom. A pastor was about to be ordained over the church, and very naturally it reminded me of the changes that had occurred since I first saw Erzroom in 1863.

Then the congregation numbered some forty or fifty, sometimes rising to sixty souls; it had risen to two hundred, and the number often reached nearly three hundred. Then we worshipped in a small, rented upper room; now the people had a permanent chapel, secured by their own exertions, aided by missionary funds. During the changes incident to the war the house adjoining the chapel was bought at a low price, and later a large open space in front of the chapel was purchased of the government, a wall thrown around it, and thus the chapel premises became ample in size. To accomplish all this the people had, in the midst of the vicissitudes and trials of war, given most liberally. For example, in 1879, their contributions amounted to about $450, which was an average of more than three dollars for every man, woman and child of the Protestant community. The "community," it should be remembered, includes only those that are known as Protestants and residents of Erzroom, while the "congregation" includes many not Protestants. Since a common laborer

can be procured for about twenty-five cents a day in most parts of Turkey, it is fair to multiply this three dollars by five to find what should be given in America to equal these natives. The Congregational families of the United States have given an average of about four dollars for each member. That is, the average liberality of the Congregationalists of the United States has been scarcely one-third that of the Protestants of Erzroom in proportion to the earnings of a day laborer in the respective countries. It is true that Erzroom Protestants were making extra exertions and went somewhat beyond their usual average in this instance, as is often the case with home congregations. But the Erzroom brethren gave in 1881 nearly as much as in 1879. They have, therefore, formed a habit of giving liberally.

The new preacher was born in a region where the Armenians have been so mingled with other nationalities as to lose their own language and to speak Turkish, the language of the dominant race. When, for example, the new pastor, Hägōp Tashjean, was fourteen years old he knew nothing of the Armenian tongue, and, though he afterwards learned it in school, he still preferred to preach in Turkish, to which he had become accustomed. We encouraged the use of Turkish in order to reach Turks, Koords and Greeks, since Turkish, as the government language, is spoken by the different races. But Erzroom is in the heart of ancient Armenia, and the Armenians still cling very tenaciously to their mother tongue. The men learn Turkish, and many can speak Koordish, which they use in trade. But the women know so little Turkish that preaching in that language was of little value to them. The preacher was therefore persuaded to adopt Armenian altogether in preaching.

During the trying experiences of the war Mr. Tashjean proved himself a brave and faithful worker for Christ and the suffering church. And when the conflict was fairly passed, the people were urgent to consummate the pastoral relation with their preacher. The pastors of the churches in Husenik, Egin and Geghi, in the Harpoot field, and of the churches at Bitlis and Havadosik, in the Bitlis field, besides delegates and several preachers, and Mr. Browne from Harpoot, were present at the ordination services. The examination of the candidate was very rigid and well sustained.

As the chapel was not more than sufficient for the regular Sabbath congregations, it was necessary to arrange a pulpit and seats for this occasion in the chapel yard. In order to control the character of the audience and to prevent an overwhelming crowd, tickets of invitation were issued to a limited number; otherwise, two thousand at least would have assembled. Not less than eight hundred, well filling the seats, remained quiet and attentive to the end of the prolonged services.

In our chapel services the people are all invited to sing. Since many have unsuitable voices and uncultivated ears, and the impression is that the more the noise the better the music, the service of song was often an affliction to a delicate ear. We drilled them as faithfully as possible, spending a half hour or more in singing before each Sunday-school service. But they would "flat," and make discords and drag in spite of all we could do. We often thought, "What a help a musical instrument would be!" but we could not yet see whence the money could come. One day we heard of an organization of our young men who were raising money, but who could not decide how to use it.

We proposed to them to buy an organ for the chapel. They seized the idea eagerly and worked earnestly to raise the money. One of our liberal organ-builders gave an instrument at half price, and in due time it was in its place in the chapel. Meanwhile, our ladies gave music lessons to a young man who was eager to learn to play, and he was able to do so in a remarkably short space of time. The organ became a wonderful help and our service of song grew to be a delight. Other organs are now finding their way into chapels and homes in Turkey, and are working out their mission of praise and culture.

Often do we meet with instances of the power of the word of God and the triumphs of grace. Many years ago a merchant brought a New Testament from Constantinople to Ordoo. He scarcely knew what it was. His neighbors gathered around, wondering what could be in the new book. Finally a priest told him it was a dangerous book and he had better destroy it. He was about to do so, when a neighbor offered to buy the volume. So he sold it. The new purchaser quietly read its precious words, growing daily more and more enlightened by the truth. When I first visited Ordoo, that man lay on his dying bed, and as I sat by his side he expressed a clear and abiding faith in the Saviour for salvation. A little later he had gone to his rest, but the community now established at Ordoo began with that one Testament.

In the time of the great persecutions at Erzroom, in the beginning of the work, a bigoted mother sought to destroy her son's Bible; but he saved it by throwing it into the *tōneer*, or oven. That son afterwards studied for the ministry, and for many years has been a faithful preacher.

While travelling in Russia, Mr. Cole and Mr. Robert Chambers met a converted robber. He was a house-builder by trade, but was always ready for an adventure whenever there was promise of gain. While building a house for an old man, the father of Protestantism at Harlijan, a village now almost entirely Protestant, his conscience was touched by the old man's preaching. He commenced the study of the Bible, became a Christian, and abandoned his evil ways. Shortly after that his former companions in crime were caught in a robbery and exiled to Siberia. His providential escape from being sent to the Siberian mines profoundly impressed the converted robber.

During the early days of my missionary life a stranger appeared frequently at our chapel in Erzroom. He was intensely interested in the truth, and though persecuted by his friends, and most of all by his wife, he continued to attend our services. He became a useful member of our community. At the beginning of the war, when cases of fever were found in nearly every house, this man was brought near to death. When I saw that his end was near, I asked him if he was ready to die. He said: "Yes," with emphasis.

"But," said I, "who will care for your wife and six children?"

"I leave them with the Lord," he said.

So this unobtrusive man, whose faults we well knew and who had never ventured to approach the Lord's table, was blessed with dying grace. A little later he passed on to join the redeemed.

Another had been for years a church-member, an active and liberal Christian, always reliable and helpful in every

place. During his long illness he was constantly pronouncing blessings on the American Board and the missionaries, through whom he had been led to the truth. When the last moment approached he gave all needed advice to his household, and saying, "I now go to Jesus," closed his eyes in death.

The hearts of missionaries are only occasionally cheered with such triumphant death-bed scenes, rare in any land, but they are constantly encouraged with the steady growth of the good work. From day to day the progress sometimes seems discouragingly slow. We forget that the first missionary went from America to foreign lands scarcely three-quarters of a century ago, and that fifty years cover the period of labor in Turkey. The work is yet in its infancy, as great historical movements are reckoned. If the missionary work of the present century had begun three or four hundred years ago, what might we now see? Instead of 100,000,000 Protestants as at present, might there not have been at least 500,000,000? Instead of only one-fourteenth of the inhabitants of the globe evangelized, might we not now see at least one-third of the human race not only in name Christians, but in heart and life like Christ? With such a number and such a power in Christianity, how long would it be before the whole world would have some knowledge of Christ and salvation?

In our field, since I came, the preaching places have increased from five to twenty, or more, and attendants on worship from 200 to 900 or 1000; the Protestant adherents from 300 to over 1000, and contributions from $100 to $500 or $600. Had it not been for a devastating war which broke up our schools and stations, and made us for

a season exiles from our homes, more would have been done.

We have as yet only seen the beginning; the future should witness a greatly accelerated rate of progress, so that not only Turkey, but all the world should be brought to Christ within the next half century. Consider what our churches in Eastern Turkey are doing. Poor, and oppressed with taxes, with no roads nor manufactures nor commerce to help them to wealth, they still give an average of $6.50 to each communicant, and that when twenty-five cents is the pay for a day's labor. Certainly the churches of our enlightened America, with its marvellous resources and accumulations of wealth, should not fall behind the feeble mission churches of Turkey. If they were to rise to their standard, what would be the result?

The question often arises, "How it is that Christians in Turkey attain such a standard of liberality. Do they find it easier to give than others?" No, they are much like other men, but the missionaries are constantly urging the duty and blessedness of giving, and showing the gain to them of sustaining their own institutions. Generally they receive kindly all that we say. On one occasion, however, after preaching to our people in Erzroom on giving, one of the congregation, evidently quite annoyed, said: "Why don't you preach the gospel and not always, '*give*,' '*give?*'" The high standard of liberality to which our friends there have attained proves that our preaching has not been in vain.

A young Armenian about starting in business came to me the day he opened his shop and handed me a half lira, $2.20, as a contribution to the mission treasury. I hesitated to accept the gift, knowing he was in debt, and thus

far without income. But he insisted that I should take it as he had vowed to make this offering to the Lord at the outset of his new enterprise. And, as if in a special manner to recognize this gift, the Lord visited him with marked prosperity.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAMINE EXPERIENCES.

THERE is a period every year from June to September when, in the high plains of the Ararat region, little rain falls. Showers follow the mountains, and fields far up the mountain-sides catch them, while those in the broad plains lie parched under the burning sun. Irrigation is therefore necessary, and where there are no streams of water many regions remain uncultivated. The fields are prepared for irrigation by ditches passing around and across each field in such a way as to divide it into strips about ten or twelve feet wide. The water is brought first to the uppermost gutter, and dammed about a rod down the ditch. When its overflow has sufficiently watered the strip of land below, the dam is removed, and another built a little lower down. Thus the process of irrigation is repeated, until the first strip of land is well wet. The water is then dammed (the natives call it "tying it up") at the head of the first gutter and carried on to the second, and so on to the bottom of the field. The vegetable gardens below the city of Erzroom, that receive the filthy water of the streets, are well enriched, and give abundant crops.

In an unusually dry and hot season the sun so parches the grain before it is grown that it fails to mature a crop, even though the roots be well irrigated.

In 1879 so little rain fell that the harvest was deficient,

or entirely cut off in many localities. From many fields no attempt was made to gather the grain; from others, perhaps an amount equal to one-half or one-fourth the seed was gathered. The destitution was greatest in the regions east of Erzroom. In the Khanoos district the harvest was quite abundant, but the surplus was carried away by those who had come from the famine districts, paying money when they had it, but more often giving timber, or articles of household furniture, which could be better spared than bread. Three-fourths, at least, of the usual supply of the market of Erzroom was cut off. Prices rose to eight and ten times their usual figure. Grain was brought two hundred to three hundred miles on the backs of animals.

Captain Everett, English vice-consul, organized a relief committee, and was most useful in raising funds and distributing aid, personally leading parties of visitation from house to house. Thousands were found in great destitution, many living on bread made from flour of decayed wheat, that resembled powdered clay. Checks were given to the most destitute, which indicated the names and number of persons and their degree of destitution. These were afterwards exchanged for tickets, which were carefully inspected at each weekly distribution, and the amount of bread to be given written in. If it appeared that a case was not as needy as had been supposed the ticket was taken up. The bread was distributed direct from the bakery. Sometimes the contract for bread was so large that no one baker could fill it, in which case we moved from place to place. While bread was the object the crowds had no difficulty in finding the place. The scene was a lively one. One of our number sat at the front of the elevated platform of the bakers' stands, the crowd standing in the street.

Each one passed up his or her ticket with a bag for the bread, and while the ticket was being checked two young men, who had volunteered for the service, put in the bread; then bag and ticket were quickly returned to the applicant, and the next case was served in the same way. Everything moved so rapidly that fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds of bread were distributed in half an hour. There were no bombastic consultations after the Turkish fashion while the crowd was waiting, that they might be impressed with the extreme difficulty of supplying their wants, no stopping in the midst of the distribution to light a cigarette, but such a prompt and informal doing of it as fairly took the breath away from the slow-moving Orientals. It was an education. The Armenians, under the leadership of their very liberal patriarch, Nerces, organized a relief work, raised large sums of money, appealing even to the benevolent in America, and distributed it somewhat after our methods. They took pains to announce that they should distribute help to the destitute, without regard to race or creed. We know of several instances where they gave relief to Koords, greatly to their credit and to the good name of the Christian religion.

Mohammedan refugees from the territory lately given over to Russia, who did not wish to live under Russian rule, were crowded into Erzroom, and were so numerous and so destitute that a separate weekly distribution was arranged for them.

Several expeditions were fitted out to the Päsin plain, and numerous villages were relieved. A successful effort was made to supply seed for the spring sowing, and also to sow some fields for ourselves to meet the demand of the next year.

Through the agency of Mr. Millingen, a young Englishman connected with the Ottoman Bank of Constantinople, Mr. Cole was appointed agent to distribute, in connection with the Pasha of Erzroom, the funds of a Turkish organization. The money was sent directly to Mr. Cole, and the pasha was ordered to pass certain other funds over to him for the relief work. This was a new experience for the pasha, who was accustomed to receive funds, and not to pass them over to any one in his district. He refused to do so, and Mr. Cole resigned his trust. But he was urged to withdraw his resignation, which he consented to do, and the pasha finally handed over all the relief funds, which were distributed under Mr. Cole's direction, but kept distinct from our own fund in the treasury of the consul's committee, of which one of our number was a member.

The greatest destitution was in the Alashgerd plain, where the people had suffered most from the war. We were, however, so occupied with work near at hand that we were unable until June, 1880, to make an expedition in that direction. At that time some four hundred bushels of wheat, rye, and barley were loaded upon thirty-five ox-carts and started for Toprak-Kalep, the chief town of the Alashgerd plain. The oxen were to graze as they moved slowly along, occupying eight or ten days in passing seventy-five miles. The expense of transportation, even in this most favorable season, was nearly or quite double that of removing grain from Chicago to Liverpool.

Four or five days after the departure of the carts Mr. Robert Chambers and I mounted our horses and followed on. The country was clothed in its loveliest green, and in the mountains large fields of flowers of every variety in color were blossoming in delightful profusion. One field

was purple, another yellow, another scarlet, another pink, as the tint of the prevailing flowers gave it color. How lavishly does nature pour out her beauty and her fragrance on the desert air!

Reaching the famine district, we began immediately to explore the villages to learn by personal investigation the needs of the people. We passed from door to door, examining granaries and store-rooms, to be quite sure the people had nothing.

The destitution and suffering were painful in the extreme. Large numbers had returned from their wanderings in Russia the previous autumn, to find their houses torn down, their property scattered and gone, the winter before them, and an insufficient harvest. How so many managed to survive the winter, living chiefly on roots and gum tragacanth, is a wonder. In the village of Hamad, where the destitution was the greatest, the people found an old granary where some three thousand bushels of grain had been fermenting and decaying for fifteen years. They dug out this horrible stuff, the odor of which was so offensive that we could with difficulty approach the place, and made bread of it. One man told me he had lived on this bread for three months. A piece I brought away needed to be kept in oilcloth, or the stench would be quite intolerable.

The people were living, at the time of our visit, principally on greens gathered from the mountains and fields. As these did not afford sufficient nourishment, the blood became thin and watery, the body bloated, weakness and chilliness crept slowly on and the poor sufferer lay down to die. In this one village thirty had died; we found ninety-five prostrated with exhaustion, besides many who

were still on their feet but daily growing weaker. It was saddening beyond expression to pass from house to house, and look on the prostrate forms that lay in rows by their *tōneers* in the vain hope of getting warmth. We would gladly have lingered to administer cordials such as these starving ones required, but we could only write their names on our list and hurry on to find others, and complete our distribution.

In the midst of such distress the government officials proved themselves hard-hearted oppressors. Grain was forwarded for relief, not to be given away nor even to be paid for by labor on public improvements, but to be sold at famine prices, to be paid in ready money, or the best of security given. As the poorest could neither pay nor give security, they must be left to perish. The kaimakäm of Toprak-Kalep requested us to seek out the worst cases, not that he cared for them, but he wished those with some means to come and buy government grain.

During all this time the government did not in the least remit taxes. The sheep tax of thirteen cents per head was raised to fifteen cents, which is about seven per cent. on the value of the sheep. The sheep enumeration was made in March. But, as the winter of 1880 was unusually prolonged and the people were without hay, large numbers of sheep died before the tax was collected. Still, every para (a mill) of the tax was ground from the faces of the suffering people. Even while we were distributing our bounties freely to the people, we met *zabtiehs* going about on their tax-collecting mission. Indeed there was serious fear that the very grain we placed in the mouths of the starving people would be gathered up by these merciless oppressors. Not content with gathering the taxes in full for that year

of famine, arrangements were in progress to collect arrearages of taxes for the years of war, when the poor people were fugitives in Russia! Doubtless the distant local governors make demands of this kind for their own private benefit, without the knowledge of their superiors. The Turkish system makes such practices possible.

The region was in a very unsettled state. A party on their way southward for grain were attacked and robbed by Circassians, one man being killed and one seriously wounded. We saw the wounded man and one that had been stripped. But we were not in the least disturbed; Koordish chiefs, Turkish beys and Christian aghas all soliciting help from us for their respective villages. The Armenian bishop, Hōhännes Värtäbed, was warmly devoted to the welfare of the people. He received us cordially to his humble apartment and would not let us go till we had eaten.

At the appointed time the people from the villages gathered at our rendezvous, and each had his portion of grain measured out to him as we had written it down on our lists. Our relief reached some three thousand souls from four hundred and fifty families, scattered among eighteen villages, three of which were Koordish. Many families in the other villages were Koordish or Turkish.

CHAPTER XX.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

FOR a little season, while we were in Trebizond, four olive plants gathered around our table. A cheery, promising boy had come to be the light of our house, and no earthly joy could be greater than to live in the bright sunshine and the musical child voices of our dear home. But the time of separation was soon to come. Our oldest was now fourteen years of age and needed the advantages of a good school. She had pursued her studies alone, with such help as we could give her, but this method would not always serve the purpose. True, she had grown to be a companion to us all, and a help in the house, and a separation would cause indescribable bitterness. But as it seemed necessary, we commended her to the care of him whom she had already chosen as her Saviour and Friend, and began preparations for her departure. It was arranged that she should go as far as Constantinople in charge of Hägōp Effendi Mathosean, the gentlemanly chief of the Protestants, who had been visiting Trebizond. Thence she was to join a missionary party to the United States.

My wife's family cares were so far lessened that she was able and glad to join in outside work, and so one Sunday in March she proposed to go with Mr. Wm. Chambers and myself on a visit we had planned to a near village. The

story can best be told in her own words. "It was a bitter cold day, but we put on our fur coats and set out on horseback for Shuknots, a village an hour and a half or about five miles distant. The snow was deep but frozen and we went on the crust all the way. Arriving, we inquired for the house of the 'chief-man,' that is, the richest man in the village, since wealth rather than knowledge is power in those parts. We were received kindly, possibly because there was a number of families that they wished to have added to our poor-list.

"I was ushered into a long, low stable, having two holes in the flat roof to admit light and air, and seated on a rug spread on a platform which is built up in one corner and enclosed by a railing. Several calves in pens were on one side of this platform, and horses, cows, buffaloes and donkeys were all around me, a horse at my back reaching over to get a taste of my hand as I raised it to my head.

"I was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious women and children. No missionary lady had been there before, I think, and nothing in the way of instruction could be attempted until all had examined my dress, had learned which of the gentlemen was my husband, whether I had any children, and various other things. Then I began to read to them from the Testament about lying, sang some hymns, and invited the women to ask questions. Their ignorance was pitiful indeed. Several men came in and affected great wisdom, and said: 'What do these women know? Why, they are *women!* What is the use in talking to them?'

"Many women we met had never heard of Jesus Christ as their Saviour, though they had often heard his name

in their church services. One, on first hearing of a place of eternal misery for the wicked, turned to another and said: 'There, you won't wish you might die the next time you have one of your terrible headaches!' Another time an old woman came and kneeled down before my husband and told him that she wished to confess to him; that she had been unkind to her mother-in-law, now dead; that she had confessed to her priest but did not find peace; perhaps *he* could help her. He preached Christ to her, commending her by prayer to his love and mercy. Thus it is we must sow beside all waters. It is slow work, but we trust some of the good seed find a lodgment and will bear fruit unto eternal life.

"The family of which I was telling you was a very large one, comprising perhaps forty souls. Many of the neighbors flocked in, too, so that I, in my stable corner, and the gentlemen in the guest-room, had quite a congregation. Soon the women brought me coffee, and after a few hours I was honored with an invitation to go and eat with the gentlemen; for hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues of the Orientals. On a little round table, about a foot high, was a copper dish containing eggs fried in butter, and before each one of us was placed a long, thin, soft sheet of barley bread. We were expected to tear off a bit of bread and with it scoop up the egg and carry it to our mouths, eating spoon and all. I was glad it was the time of the long fast when the Armenians of the old church can eat neither flesh nor fowl, nor eggs, nor butter, for seven long weeks, so that the men sitting around could not 'dip with us in the dish!' None of *their* women would sit thus to eat with the men, unless very old, and therefore privileged. They would serve, and eat afterwards. Soon they

brought us a tiny cup of coffee, the beginning and end of everything in Turkey. The gentlemen had done much talking; had inspected the destitute houses, and it was near night, so we sang a few hymns, gave some tracts to the large boys who could read, and returned to the city in time for the little prayer-meeting which we have in our own language in one of our homes each Sunday evening."

In April our Charlotte Bird, whose sweet chirping had done so much to lighten our hearts, was struck down with scarlet fever and swept beyond our sight. I cannot do better here than to transcribe the story of our bitter grief as told by the sorrowing mother:

"Within the space of six years there came into an Eastern home three dear little children. O how proud and happy that father and mother were!

"First came Belle, and she rang, and rang, and filled the house with a tinkling sound. Then followed Birdie, and she sang, and sang, and bid fair to drown the ringing. Last of all came Light, and he shone, and shone, and filled the home with his brightness. Then what a din there was! Belle ringing, Birdie singing, and Lewis (for that is the real name, meaning light in the language of the country) shining all day long. This holiday went on for two years, and the mother had concluded that enjoying it was better than answering her letters or reading new books and papers, when suddenly the Light began to grow dim. For twelve days it flickered and waned, and then, alas! it went out in the early winter morning, and that house was left in darkness. Little Belle's prayer, 'O Lord! bless the boy you've sent on to us. Make him big and strong, and a nice, good man,' was not answered, but all felt that

God knew what was best, and soon he came and enlightened the darkness.

"Two months passed, and one Sunday morning at devotions Birdie said: 'I want to pray,' and knelt and said, 'O Lord! let us all be good, for Christ's sake. Amen.' Before night it was noticed that the Birdie was drooping, her warbling nearly ceased, and she could not eat, yet no one dreamed that in four short days she would fly to the upper skies, her merry song forever hushed, and poor Belle's ringing turned to tolling. Yet so it was. Little Lewis' grave was opened and his loving playmate laid to rest close beside him. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided."

In May occurred a rare and joyous event. Mr. Wm. N. Chambers had won the heart of our lovely Miss Bliss, and we all joined heartily in preparation for the happy wedding occasion. The English and Russian consuls and their families, with other friends, were present at the ceremony, which occurred in the apartments of the lady teachers, and afterwards the company partook of a collation served in our rooms. In this way began on foreign soil a very happy wedded life, destined, as we now know, to be cut short by Mrs. Chambers' death in one brief year. Thus sorrow and joy are mingled on missionary ground as elsewhere.

The shock of our double affliction, coming at the end of nine years of confinement to our missionary work, necessitated a change of scene and a rest. During the leisure hours of a vacation this simple tale of life and travel by the Rivers of Eden has been written. If I have succeeded in giving the reader a more vivid impression of

our homes and the various incidents of our daily lives, and have thus brought him into a heartier and more prayerful sympathy with us—if I have led him to see something of the attractiveness and success of this work which is Christ's, if I have thus awakened a desire in the reader to engage in it, personally if possible, if not at least to aid it—my object has been attained.

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